

QUEBEC CITY SUMMIT: No Sitting on the Fence

Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

April 30, 2001

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Bam! Ugh! Splat!
Regulating violent
video games

Going to extremes:
actors Tom Green
and Sarah Polley

Flower Power

**WINTER NATION,
BLOOMING BUSINESS**

Canadian growers
churn out hydrangeas
and geraniums like
McDonald's does
hamburgers

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WITHOUT INTEGRATED INFRASTRUCTURE, THINGS GET COMPLICATED

NOT TO MENTION A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE



Fig. 1 Good infrastructure



Fig. 2 Bad infrastructure

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This Week

www.macleans.ca April 30, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 18

Macleans's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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Great photo of John Gaudin at Gaudin's Restaurant in
Lanarkshire, Ont., by Peter Thompson for Maclean's

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**ROGERS
MEDIA**



COVER 38 FLOWER POWER

Growers like Marc and Denise Stone, who operate Milner Greenhouses Ltd. near
Langley, B.C., run sophisticated high-tech businesses catering to Canadians' urge
to snag off-white. They produce high-performance plants that have become the
backbone of Canada's \$4-billion-a-year gardening industry.

50 Subversive stardom



Tom Green's
*Freddy Got
Fingered* and
The Class with
Sarah Polley
showcase two
young Canadians
at the polar
extremes of rebel
mainstreaming.



22 Virtual death machine

Endless ammo,
splashing bodies,
gory mayhem.
No wonder
some provinces
plan to regulate
video games.



16 No sitting on the fence

A security force of 6,000 police
officers faced off against anti-global-
ization protesters as the leaders of
34 countries came to Quebec City
for the Summit of the Americas.

From the Editor



Take a tip from *The X-Files*

As anyone who has ever watched the TV show *The X-Files* knows, there are several lines that define its conspiratorial vision of the world. As Scully and Mulder often told each other in early years, "the truth is out there"—available to those who were it badly enough. But in trying to find it, they invariably reminded each other to "trust no one."

One reason the show has lasted so long is that it limits the cynicism of people about aspects of life beyond their control. To understand that statement, you had only to watch or read coverage of last week's Summit of the Americas in Quebec City. One quality that pro- and anti-free-traders obviously share is an overwhelming self-righteousness.

The problem with such attitude is that life isn't a mathematical formula with only one correct answer. There's plenty of evidence suggesting that Canada gained from free trade with the United States: Canadian merchandise exports to the United States increased by nearly 170 per cent over the first 10 years following implementation of the 1989 treaty. In the same period, according to a 1999 study by economist John McCallum—now an MP in the Liberal government that vigorously supports free trade—our unemployment rate stood at almost double the U.S. rate, the gap in productivity between the two countries widened at our expense and our living standard declined while the American standard increased. So are we better off?

Another quality shared by hardliners on both sides is hypocrisy. It's easy for North American-based trade protesters to portray McDonald's as the Great Satan, citing its banqueting prohibition of restaurants globally. Here, we have plenty of choice. But in many parts of the world, McDonald's represents the best of American know-how—

clean, fast, reliable and efficient. To deny that choice to others represents manifestly elitist.

But the important language of trade hawks—who behave as though any government intervention is bad—as just as time-same. There's always some point at which controls are required and profit should be secondary to the greater good of the community—including rich people. Suppose municipal zoning restrictions were abolished—making it possible to put in a garbage dump on a street of mansions. Or if environmental controls were relaxed to allow waste to be dumped in a lake where philanthropists jointly own an exclusive fishing lodge. Zoning controls and environmental restrictions are forms of the protectionism that business leaders decry—but how would they react if personally affected by the removal of such protection?

How you feel about the trade debate is likely determined by how it affects your life. Many Canadians find themselves uncomfortably occupying a middle ground that pro- and anti-trade activists refuse to even admit exists. Free trade is good in principle—and would be better if accompanied by a fair and proper exchange of ideas. For now, remember that almost everyone speaking such locally has some form of vested interest. Mulder and Scully have a point.

Andy Wickham

Responses to columns go to columns@toronto.com or to columns@toronto.com or to columns@toronto.com

Raises jealousy among neighbours and suspicion from Revenue Canada.



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CENTURY BY BUICK
SPECIAL EDITION



Newsroom Notes

Getting the dirt on gardening

This week's cover story is only a close to home for many of those who contributed to it. Senior Writer D'Arcy Jenish, who has been known to share his ornamental garden crop with co-workers, was glad to dig around in Canada's \$4-billion-



D'Arcy Jenish

8-year garden industry. He visited several of the country's largest growers for a behind-the-scenes look at the big business of producing floral and nursery products. He was struck by the size and sophistication of the operations. "The

greenhouses really did stretch as far as the eye could see," Jenish said. "And the plants, with their prescribed number of leaves and buds, had a uniformity that

would make any manufacturer proud."

In her column, National Correspondent Mary Janigan, who usually pursues public policy for *Maclean's*, described her passage from novice to soil producer—and the sometimes laughable detours along the way. The cover package, which starts on page 38, was edited by Canada Editor Barbara Wickham, who got a handle on some of the tenderer side of the garden trade. In summer, she proudly bears the scratches inflicted by the many rosebushes in her wee garden patch.

The Mail

Faith takes work

"Soul searchers" (Cover, April 16), while an inspiring read, was another ad infinitum to the self-obsessed Mc Generation of baby boomers. It appears they have latched on to quick fix remedies to fill in the religion as the small focal point in their lives. Unfortunately, the article did not attempt to answer the central question of why these people are turned off by organized religion. Perhaps it challenges or confirms with their self-serving agendas—after all, religion is demanding.



Bill Harris, Oshawa, N.S.

I was taught First Nations ritual in a traditional way and have been passed the right to hold many of these ceremonies, including the sweat-lodge ceremony. To walk that path is to recognize that the mission of your understanding does all of the spiritual healing and we as human beings are mere tools. What makes me cringe is these disunited,

New Age or other hodgepodge rituals and self-proclaimed holists who charge money for sacred ceremonies. Let's walk, heal and pray together as a united nation, but let's also send a strong message to these spiritual emulmimics who have a different agenda.

Baking Thunder Wall (Burt Tremblay, Ottawa)

Though you touched on the shamanic in "A return to earth," you missed the essential return-to-earth from known as the vision quest or *moose*. Celtic far ritual fast. The quest is an experiential moment where broken, or many levels, surrender their body and soul to the wilderness to experience vision, communion with spirit/God and to gain knowledge. As a guide, I offer 10-day retreats. We begin by providing people with ways of seeing and ground them for the journey they are about to take. In the pre-dawn mist of the fourth day they will reach, in ceremony, cross the threshold into dream time. For three days and nights, alone in the wilderness without food, fire and the general cultural accoutrements that they may deem important for survival, they will

see, pushing the envelope of their being, to speak with spirit and seek knowledge. Many lessons are learned; there are no failures.

Iz Chipekows, Mississauga, Ont.

A weekend retreat may give you a couple of days of relaxation, but it will not give you lasting peace. There is only one solution to having peace throughout life's trials and tribulations—the peace of God, which gives us our understanding.

Christine Acott, Saint John, N.S.

Wicca is not a "female tradition," as you state. Rather, it recognizes the equivalence of the masculine and feminine aspects of deity. Wicca regards men and women as equals, as much as that Wiccan groups (called covens) have both priest and priestess. It is this encouragement of active participation in leadership roles that seems to appeal to women.

Steno Barbe, Niagara, Ont.

Murderer's sanctuary

The article "Sanctuary" about Lucy Lu, the Kingston, Ont., woman who has taken sanctuary in the Calvary Bible Church, was excellent (Canada and the World, April 16). It stresses the fact a woman who is important to a Canadian community is treated by the government of Canada as a headache, liability or just another statistic. Given the particulars of her case, the deportation order should be abandoned.

Ryan Wallace, Kingston, Ont.

What kind of message are we sending to other countries and their criminals if the federal court supports this case? Lu has been convicted of murder, but was allowed to remain in the country

Letters to the Editor

should be submitted to:
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777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7
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Maclean's welcomes readers' letters, but letters must be edited for space considerations. Please supply names, addresses and daytime telephone numbers. Submissions may appear in Maclean's electronic edition. Email queries about subscriptions or delivery problems should be addressed to: service@maclean.ca



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AS SEEN BY



du Maurier ARTS

People chains

Reading "Shania, Preston and me" (Over to You, April 2) by Shelley Denech Haggert, I immediately thought of my mom. Haggert writes how "the Joe character in the Molson Canadian ad, in his now-famous rant, declared, 'I don't know Jimmy, Sally or Sam from Canada....' Maybe not, but I'll bet his mother does." That could have been written about my mom, Helen Ranson, (who will be 80 years old later this month). On a bus trip, she will learn from her acquaintances that they have someone's second cousin twice as a common acquaintance. I phoned my mother after

reading Haggert's story and the panicked little sister-of-factly to tell me that she knew the great-great-grandmother of the author. During the Second World War, when my mom worked in Ottawa, she bonded with Haggert's great-great-grandmother; and her three great-aunts, Lottie, Edith and Horne (yes, she still remembers their names). I asked how on earth she knew that they were related to Haggert's "Will," that turned into a half-hour story of connections. So, Shelley Denech Haggert, my mom knew your great-great-grandmothers, and in retrospect, I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

Kathy Buckles, Brentford, Ont.

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against immigration policies that are meant to protect the Canadian people. So what we are really saying is this: come to Canada, get married and make friends and we will fight to keep you here regardless of your actions. What I see is a system that is more concerned with humanitarian issues of other countries than in protecting their own people. Is Canada becoming the haven for international criminals that it has been accused of?

Susan Collins, Whistler, Ont.

Making a point

I can only conclude from the spate of letters ("Passing too much," April 16) that it is easier to accuse persons of "incitement and violence" than admit they're making an important point (or admit their passion and courage). It must also be convenient to excuse the brooding down of "barriers, borders, duties, tariffs and embargoes" with a higher standard of living for Third World countries, while back in reality, we're effectively enacting the worst of these plans as they might make our running shoes. Take one guess as to whose standard of living is improving.

James Hutchings, Vancouver

Language anguish

Several years ago, I was an ethnologist at a French-language university in Montreal. One of the concerns of the professors at that school at the time was the level of French of their students. They were shocked to learn that the situation in part as bad with the level of English in Nova Scotia, and I suspect, generally in Canada. If

Quebec is proposing to have residents of other subjects also mention our "desert" writers French, as you report ("Thinking French," Education, April 18), then I am convinced they are on the right track, and I only hope that English-speaking Canada will do the same.

For more letters
www.macleans.ca

We've just got to improve our written and spoken language in this country
Geraldine Lavoie, Halifax

Corporate fair play

Mary Jussimian argues that the business community has let the opportunity to defend itself before former NDP leader Ed Broadbent's Canadian Business and Corporate Accountability Commission pass because it considers the exercise naive ("Wake up, corporate Canada," Special Report, April 16). The passivity may well be naive, but the more important problem is that these starting point is not whether governments should be imposing heavy new regulations on business, but how business these regulations have to be for Canadians to sleep soundly. Businessmen believe in human rights and fair play. They want these laws to grow up in a clean and healthy environment. What's more, they are held accountable by hundreds of millions of stakeholders who can about how business conduct themselves and who punish those that ignore the public interest. Let's talk about what Canadians have a right to expect from business, but let's treat Canadian businesses with the same fairness we expect from them.

Perle Doucette, President and CEO, Canadian Manufacturers and Exporters Ottawa

Less talk, more action

Fifteen million dollars for a one-person commission to study the future and the problems of medicine ("Renewal's new mission," Overview, April 16) Medical professionals know that the major problem of medicine is chronic underfunding by governments, especially at the federal level. We do not need a

\$15-million commission to find that out. That money could buy about 15 MBAs to help solve the waiting-list problem. For these reasons throughout Canada.
Dr. Jean-Marie Ruel, Ottawa

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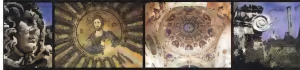
WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE JOLLY TROLLEY.

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Saving Public Education



In recent years, a widespread sense of budget cuts, labour strife, constant reform and lockstep test scores have shaken our faith in public education. Meanwhile, teachers across the country say they are sagging under the burden of heavier workloads. Signs of stress abound. Many parents have abandoned the system or home schooling.

But for the vast majority of Canadians, public schooling is the only realistic choice. How can one of society's most important institutions be revived?

What's working, and what's not? Maclean's presents a candid story on the challenges of saving public education. Set in the lead-up to Maclean's May 14th issue, the cover package will highlight the schools that have responded to challenging times by becoming more innovative and more effective. This timely report is available on newsstands on May 7th.

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Overture

Edited by Shonda Dend
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And the special of the day is . . .

Astronaut **Chris Hadfield** has a lot on his plate this week. As the first Canadian to walk in space, while installing Canadarm2, he is bound to work up a healthy appetite for some rehydratable, irradiated and thermally-treated delicacies. Here is a taste of Hadfield's menu:

MONDAY

Seasoned scrambled eggs
Grits with butter
Kona coffee
Tuna salad spread
Tortilla
Cheese spread
Slurpee cocktail
Grilled pork chop
Sampling chocolate bar
Macadamia nuts

WEDNESDAY

Dried peas
Oatmeal with brown sugar
Stoneybrook breakfast drink
Hani
Dried spouts
Banana pudding
Stoutman's apples
Dried steak
Potatoes au gratin
Baked vegetables

FRIDAY

Ornately poached butter
Dried pathe
Sagebrush drink
Apple jelly
Kielbasa
Macaroni and cheese
Lemonade
Fried chicken
Vegetable medley
French Canadian



Over and Under Achievers

Radicals, rate cuts and rink rats

*Quebec City, anarchist Bay Street, provincial
Omnium Sentences: words be missed!*

✦ **Anti-socialism:** Their grudge that Quebec City society was excessive rings hollow after police rats die would-be protesters with explosives.

✦ **Secretly organized:** Their repeated effort to let anti-socialism activists lead more federal cabinet ministers less than claim the high road.

✦ **David Dodge:** Quebec Bank of Canada governor's alien quarter-point interest rate cut disappoints glum Bay Street, which fears for economy.

✦ **Alan Gersavage:** Grizzled U.S. Federal Reserve Board chairman shows how it's done with a half-point surprise cut that helps spark a Wall Street rally.



ONE SERIOUS TRASH TALKER

Litter is the name—literally. And litter is his game, although obsession more aptly describes the former Gordon Ramsay's crusade to clean up Canada on Vancouver Island, and the rest of the country, too. He has legally changed his name to Canada Litter King, a moniker his two megaphones had already given the 40-year-old. They also awarded him a crown, which he wears during the hundreds of unpaid hours donated to cleanup detail. The King truly does stoop to conquer—gathering an estimated 500,000 pieces of "earth-degrading litter" from public lands in the past three years. The country is a mess, says the King, whose paying job is, surprise, in trash removal. He is establishing a charitable Proud Canadian Litter Awareness Foundation to sponsor and-liter campaigns that "put fun and pride into cleanup."



All hail the Litter King—calling for a clean Canada

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BOOK WATCH

Man on the run

Frank McKenna, the former "irrepressible" of New Brunswick, has always been a man on the run. These days, he spends more of his time on the road giving speeches than he does at his seaside home in Cap-Toulou. NB. All the same, the 53-year-old politician for Atlantic Canada economic development is never far off the radar screen when political pundits discuss likely successors to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien.

Now, two new books on McKenna stand for publication this year may increase speculation on his political future. One is a 300-page biography, written by Ottawa columnist writer Philip Lee and published by Fredericton's Goose Lane Editions, has McKenna's blessings. The other is an analysis of McKenna's 10 years in office, written by well-known political scientist—and sometime Chrétien sceptic—Donald Savoie for the

Are Frank's doors as pacy as Brad Pitt's V wedding?

Institute of Public Policy. The Lee book, "doesn't always have a shiny veneer," says Goose Lane Editions publisher Suzanne Alexander. "McKenna had no control over the content, but opened the doors and allowed Philip access to whatever material he needed, including his private diaries." Savoie says his book, *Pushing Against Gravity*, will be done—lots of Statistics Canada stuff—since it deals with economic development and the "McKenna Miracle" in naming New Brunswick's beleaguered economy around. "The bottom line is, he had a positive impact," says Savoie.

Will the ex-premier try to do the same thing on the national stage by taking a run at federal politics? "He told me he would run," says Savoie. "I told him at his word." All the same, those books would make a nice launching pad.

André Vézina

The Cape Breton art of 'styling'

As dithered, Eminem, Snoop Doggy Dogg and Busta Rhymes all have a certain ring to them. But you don't have to sell a trillion records to get a snappy nickname. Just ask Pictou-based Donald, Johnny Big John or any member of the Bonnet Foot MacKinnons. For more than 200 years, the residents of Cape Breton Island have made "styling"—the practice of nicknaming—on air time. On the isolated, close-knit island, which has an unusually shallow pool of first and last names, memorable nicknames have long been a necessity.

Sometimes the handle refers to a physical characteristic—Alec, the Clerk for a miner with one arm shorter than the other. The Colorado Saults are so named because

an ancestor repeatedly rode with Jesse James. And the Pickle Ane MacKinnans can't shake the name given to a family member in the first half of her century who blud to sit on the pickle barrel at the mining company store.

Frequently, Cape Bretoners' nicknames provide a syllable of ancestors. Nellie Dixon Donald Grace MacDonald sports his given name (Nell), his father's name (Donald), which also happens to be where his grandfather worked (Dixon, Meach), his grandfather's name (Donald) and his grandfather's name (Grace). When MacDonald, 43, who lives in Colorado, N.S., introduces himself, he unfolds his lineage like a banner. "It's all four generations in one breath," says the married fi-



Who you callin' Pickle Ane?

ther of four. His 11-year-old daughter, by the way, is known locally as Heather Nellie Dixon's Daughter. And Queen Larkish thought she was being oversteer.

John DeMont

OPINIONS

In the heat of last fall's federal election campaign, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and Alberta Premier Ralph Klein were at loggerheads. Opposed to Liberal campaigns and the suggested Alberta was promoting U.S. style private health care, Klein shot off a letter to Chrétien accusing him of spreading "tyranny and divisive attacks." Chrétien later publicly joked that he didn't like dealing with Alberta politicians when he described as "a different type." But in recent years in Alberta, Chrétien and his cabinet colleagues have launched a veritable smear offensive on Klein—with predictable results.

"Like us, my good friend and partner Premier Ralph Klein is crossing heavily in health research, science and engineering. The leadership and influence of Ralph Klein have been extremely positive in federal-provincial negotiations. The union-minus Health Action Plan that we reached last fall would not have been possible without his help. And his government has done important work in defining meaningful measures of health-care performance."

—Chrétien at a speech to the Canadian Association of Petroleum Producers in Calgary, April 6

"I've lost track of the number of negotiations where we said back in Ottawa, 'Klein is the key.' When the premier of Alberta decides to get onside, success is not far behind."

—Federal Interpersonal Affairs Minister Stéphane Dion, in a speech at the University of Alberta April 12

"I'm surprised and surprised flattered. It is a bit of a throw. I am pleased that the tone has changed considerably."

—Klein, in his new federal address

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Atoning for baby deaths in Manitoba

The Manitoba government is offering \$100,000 compensation to each of the families of 12 infants who died in 1994 after botched heart surgery at a Winnipeg hospital. The baby deaths were the subject of an inquiry that took more than four years to complete, and the province says it is making its offer on compassionate grounds, not as an admission of responsibility. The judge who headed the inquiry said as many as 10 of the deaths could have been prevented, blaming poor planning and a lack of skill on the part of the surgeons and nurses. The government offer is final but the families are still free to sue for more if they choose.



Show of force

Israel pounded Palestinian strongholds in the Gaza Strip with missiles, temporarily occupying parts of territory it had earlier ceded as part of the 1993 Oslo Peace Accords and even stormed Jerusalem's Al Aqsa Mosque, in response to Arab mortar attacks and stone throwing. By week's end, Israel had killed travel associations in the Gaza Strip. But Prime Minister Ariel Sharon sparked an offer from Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat for a joint television appeal against the violence, saying words are not enough and that Arab authorities must crack down on provocateurs.

Sexual assault?

A 12-year-old girl was convicted in Ontario family court of sexually assaulting two of her playmates. The case began over a year ago when the two complainants—both 11 years

SKY HIGH:

The space shuttle *Expendable* blasted off with Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield onboard for his rendezvous with the International Space Station. Hadfield's mission as the first Canadian in space is to help deploy *Cosmosview*, the remote-sensing tool that will play a crucial role in the completion of the space station.



POLITICKING AS THE WORLD WATCHES

It was not the best of weeks for Canadian politics or public display. The who's who of the Western Hemisphere showed up in Quebec City for a giant trade pavilion only to find the federal and Quebec

governments in one of their periodic spats over whose banners ought to hang from the new(ish) light, state-of-the-art Foreign visitors were then treated to the spectacle of members of the Canadian Al-

lenza in a wild e-mail scarp over the "sleazebag" hiring of a former secret agent to hunt out nasty stuff on the Liberals. Topping the week off, the ruling PCs announced a vote in their godforsaken leadership war: the aging, beaking, beer-swilling Paul Martin has

agreed to a much later date (February, 2000) for a party reunion—should it come to that—of Jean Charest's stewardship in exchange. Martin loses claim the right to campaign openly from here on—without undermining the Prime Minister, of course.

old at the time—accused the defendant of forcibly French-kissing them, taking their genitals and attempting to have her dog, mouze them. The defendant's mother described the instance as benign pedophilia; an expert, however, Judge Lawrence Thibault said he found the girl's conduct deeply troubling and believed that the two complainants had tried to weed off the attacks in disgust. The girl and her younger brother have both been in foster care since March, 2000. Sentencing will be in June.

The Napster blues

Free music has its price: Canadian record sales fell five per cent in 2000, the biggest decline in the world. Globally, sales dropped 1.3 per cent—a \$750-million shortfall—and in the United States 1.5 per cent. Surveys show Canadians are the biggest users of the Napster online music-sharing system and its clones, and industry officials lay the blame there for most of the decline.

A crisis eases

For the first time since the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease on Feb. 20, the number of new cases in Britain started to decline and the government's chief scientific adviser, Prof. David King, said the epidemic is "fully under control." Since the start of the outbreak, 1.3 million animals have been slaughtered and a further 500,000 are scheduled to be destroyed.

Pumped-up prices

It's not your imagination: the cost of gasoline has risen by about 11 per cent since the beginning of the year. Last week, the average pump price for regular in Canada was 74.5 cents per litre, according to market watcher M.J. Ervin & Associates Inc. Prices always rise in spring, but chief Michael Ervin says the harsh winter has made things worse. Refiners—already operating at near capacity—have held back fuel from switching to gasoline from heating fuels, and the cost is likely to rise another two cents or so by summer. Last year's peak was 76.7 cents per litre in September.

Not talking

American relations with China dipped into Cold War territory after China refused to return a confiscated U.S. spy



Manuscripts are made of this

plane. U.S. negotiators angrily broke off talks with their Chinese counterparts and have no plans to resume them, authorities say. China has held the \$123-million EP-3 plane since April 1, after it collided with a Chinese F-8 fighter and was forced to make an emergency landing on the South China Sea island of Hainan. The 24 U.S. crew members were released 11 days

after the incident. A state funeral was held for Wing Wu, the Chinese pilot, whose body has not been found.

Mother knows best

British researchers, following 20 elephant families in the wild, have discovered that it is more than just scarcity of food that is putting the great beasts at risk. Poachers targeting the great elephants for their tusks are wiping out the herd's survival because it is the matriarch and granddaughters who have the experience to identify threats and determine when to form defensive battles against rapacious strangers.

Down go interest rates

Credit prices yanked. The Bank of Canada dropped its key interest rate by a quarter of a percentage point as its regular meeting while a surprise half-point cut in the United States sent stock markets soaring.



MISSISSIPPI CHURNING

The battle was between the Old South and the New, and when the dust cleared "the Mississippi" held fast to the rebel cause. In a referendum where the results mirrored the state's racial division—and told outsiders it didn't give a damn ball about a threatened consumer boycott—Mississippi voted 65-35 per cent in favour of keeping the Confederate battle cross as a prominent part of its state flag. The defiant loaves Mississippi as the last southern state to formally display the divisive symbol as an official emblem on government buildings. South Carolina recently voted to drop flying the Confederate flag from government buildings, while Georgia decided to remove the emblem from a prominent position on its own state flag. All have faced intense pressure from blacks, civil rights groups and investors to bury the Old War banner that was a coded symbol for segregation during the heated battles of the 1950s. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People says it will decide next month whether to attempt a lawsuit and investment boycott of Mississippi, a tactic it earlier deployed in South Carolina.

BY BRENDA BRANSWELL in Quebec City

Philippe Duhamel stood well back from the clouds of tear gas that drifted towards the sea of protesters in Quebec City. "For me, it's unfolding a bit like sheet music," said the soft-spoken activist of the escalating clash between police and protesters at the Summit of the Americas. As 34 leaders gathered for hemispheric free-trade talks, agitators lobbed chunks of concrete over the security perimeter while police fired back with tear gas. Duhamel belongs to SalAMI, a Montreal-based group that opposes corporate globalization and is committed to nonviolent action. It had no hand in organizing the tense protest on Friday, but Duhamel could have guessed the outcome. "Everything

Photo by Phill Snel/Mackenzie

No Sitting on the Fence

Why I'll fight the FTAA



The dispenser fueling the demonism in Quebec City last weekend had nothing to do with their fear of free trade, and everything to do with their dread of cultural genocide.

Defence of indigenous cultures was the key battleground, though that battle cry was seldom given voice in the rowdy galvanizing-style standoffs. The unending phrase revolved to little variation, not only because it's hard to get *any* in revolutionary rage, but because it's an ambiguous concept at best, depending as it does on individual interpretation of collective rationality. To Americans, for example, culture is a commodity, they issue profitable commercial exports, to Canadians and to most of the 32 other nations at the Quebec summit, it is the fragile essence of nationhood.

Culture means much more than the flimsy concept of a country's literature, emerald, Elvis, folk songs and poetry. Bernard Charay, the most intellectual of our businessmen, once defined the slippery word as "central to everything we do. It's our environment and our inspiration to it. It's the way we know our selves and each other. It's the image and attributes that allow us to live together in communities and nations."

Applied to Quebec City, this means that when Just Boesl, the French cheese farmer, attacks McDonald's, he is not condemning Big Macs. His is a cry from the heart against the threat he feels to his way of life. Given that it is a globalized world the status quo is increasingly vulnerable and that Boesl's cause is probably doomed doesn't make it any less significant. It may be a misguided action, but demanding to be heard is worth the fight—for him and for us—because even if hemispheric free trade is never fully unresolvable, the conditions of its acceptance have yet to be finalized.

Our goal ought to be straightforward: the economy is negotiable; our culture is not. Since our Free Trade Agreement with the United States came into effect in 1989, trade between our two countries has nearly tripled. Good. But in the process, the country's founding economic core was slashed along 90 degrees, so that our defining borders now flow due south. The FTA, plus the North American Free Trade Agreement, adding Mexico to the mix, has placed us even more directly into the zone of a cultural eraser that has transformed the very essence of being Canadian.

We have, willy-nilly become less the citizens of a country than of a continent. And now, with the Free Trade Act of the Americas, we are being invited to become citizens in an indifferent hemisphere. None of the Quebec City proposals so far available mention the word "culture," yet their most devastating impact

will be the cultural homogenization of the Americas. The main working document proposes new sets of trade-related intellectual property matters, designed to force intellectual property rights (which indirectly include not just culture, but education and health care) under the unyielding discipline of the World Trade Organization, whose rulings cannot be effectively appealed.

Both the Mulroney and Chrétien governments insisted that culture was excluded in the free trade treaties. It's not true. Especially in the NAFTA deal, culture is subject to a notwithstanding clause that allows the Americans to retaliate against alleged unfair Canadian cultural programs with measures of "equivalent commercial effect" in any sector of their choosing. That was exactly what happened in the case of American *sports* magazine, about to invade Canada and dominate what is left of our periodical industry.

"The United States has the legal right to unilaterally decide if a Canadian cultural measure is 'inconsistent' with the NAFTA, to retaliate against Canada and to select the nature and severity of the retaliation," noted Mel Clark, a former Canadian trade negotiator. "The U.S. is the accuser, the arbiter and the violator."

Such measures were at the core of the U.S.-imposed agenda of the proposed Multilateral Agreement on Investment, which collapsed in 1997 when some of its potential signatories, led by France, opted for national—and cultural—diversity in pushing for the current treaty of the Americas. Washington is not benignly advocating globalization as a means of raising international living standards—it is actively promoting hemispheric Americanization to further speed the monoculture that seeks to sanction any role model but its own. To the Americans, it means more bang for their cultural bucks. To the rest of us, it's a cultural juggernaut aimed at crushing local and regional ways of existing in harmony with each indigenous surroundings.

The overwhelming U.S. influence on hemispheric affairs is difficult to exaggerate. It would account for three-quarters of the FTAA's GDP. That would make it less the hub of hemispheric trade than its concerned center. The Americans have become used to treating Canada as their *etno*—a taken-for-granted space that you pay no attention to unless you hear some unexpected noise or feel a cold drink. Now, they want to erase the rest of the Americas as their business.

Preserving a distinctive culture must be my country's highest calling, and the FTAA will never elicit popular support unless it takes that universal aspiration into account. So, long live the FTAA. But longer live our culture.



Friends, yes—but only now is the eraser

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KILLING TIME

Mainstream media, including Maclean's on its Web site, review new video games, often with a connoisseur's eye for detail. There are also scores of Internet sites dedicated to reviewing the games, including www.nx.com.au/~sabre, www.videogames.com, www.gamespot.com and www.ign.com. The Web site reviewers—gamers themselves and so more likely to be fans than objective assessors—endlessly debate the games' merits. An industry-sponsored panel has rated many of their top choices "Mature," recommending them only for those 17 and older. But as one reviewer noted: "The best way to ensure that kids under 18 buy a game is to put a 'Not for sale to anyone under 18' label on it." Extracts of typical reviews for a few of the more violent, but popular, games:

BLOOD ▶ "Exploring the basement of a sinister hospital, I come across a row of cells holding harmless, innocent bystanders. At the end of the row, there was a switch I thought would undoubtedly open the doors and let the poor guys live. But when I threw the switch, flames shot from vents, scorching the helpless victims, who then sat in circles shrieking. This is just one example of Blood's twisted, gory, yet giddy sensibility."



DUKE NUKEM FOREVER ▶ "If it moves, shoot it. If it doesn't move, shoot it. Anything and everything can be destroyed. Coin stuck in the soda machine? Pipe bomb the sucker. Toilet won't flush? Nothing a few rounds from your double-barreled shotgun can't handle. You slay your way through each scenario. There are, however, a few morally questionable conventions of the game—namely those numerous instances where the player can sit across one or several women board and rendered helpless who are almost always inadvertently caught in the line of fire."

HARVESTER ▶ "Harvester has been banned in many countries for its extreme (and I do mean extreme) violence. So you can understand why I had to get my hands on it! "Game of Sabre's best: the bit where Stephanie's spirit coat is found lying on her bed. The three kids eating their mother's legs. Popping the baby's eyes back into their sockets. Ate through the chess master's head. The decapitation of the wisp woman. Ripping out Stephanie's spinal cord with the 'Harvest Blade.'"



By Ken MacQueen

For a remarkable number of children, happiness is a virtual gun. A scoped rifle for the long shot, though you can't hear a shotgun for close work. Grenades have a certain indiscriminate charm, but if you're into shredding flesh, consider a nail gun for that personal touch. Nothing is more intimate than a knife; you can practically feel them die. But, hey, when things start backing up, and it seems there's a killer or a cop or a civilian or two around every corner, no kid should be without your basic high-calibre assault rifle.

The arsenal is loaded into home computers or stacked as video-game cartridges next to the Nintendo or PlayStation. In all, the \$12-billion-a-year gaming industry now surpasses Hollywood box-office receipts. Few children—boys outnumber girls by more than three to one—have not been exposed, whether at a friend's home or through schoolyard tales of video conquest. Families that wouldn't consider having a real weapon on the premises would do well to inventory their computer games, says Stephen Kane, a professor of communications at Simon Fraser University. Odds are parents will find a child's garden of mayhem: exotic weapons with endless rounds of ammo, graphics so cinematic that bodies twitch and

For many Canadian children, happiness is a virtual gun



SOLOER OF FORTUNE ▲ "It's infamous for the level of violence because you can target specific body parts. Shoot an enemy in the neck, and he'll gap his blood-spraying throat as he drops to his knees. Shoot him in the calf, and he'll hop around on one leg. Limbs and heads can be blown clean off with a shotgun blast. Even though there are a number of different target areas, enemy reactions to being hit in any specific area remain generally constant. The disoriented enemies are little more than strawberry-jam-filled barrels."

QUAKE II ▼ Realistic machine- and dismemberment also pack a powerful punch, with the latter capable of cutting an opponent to shreds within a second or two. Who can forget the grisly discoveries in the torture chamber where your comrades are being torn apart limb from limb in all manner of clever machines? This game reeks of class whichever way you look at it.



Canada

from content when Johnny pulls the trigger, the sounds of crash cello, of clattering shell casings, of body parts splintering. For those who don't like hollering in the abstract, "blowing" allows the sociologically adept to superimpose a real face on a virtual target. "Used now," says Kline, "the industry has been able to get away with murder."

This month, the B.C. government passed what it calls the first legislation in North America to implement a mandatory classification and regulatory system for video games. Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan are also considering similar controls. "We're not in a hurry to dip our nose into regulation, but it's not something we have ruled out either," says Brian Kelown, a spokesman for the Ontario ministry of consumer and business services, which is preparing an internal report on the issue.

The B.C. law puts video games on an equal footing with film or video. Minors—who account for more than half the gaming population—can no longer buy, rent or view Mature or Adult-rated video games. Stores must segregate Mature games and display Adult-only games in a separate room. The provincial film-classification branch has authority to ban games if they exceed the same standards that apply to films. And although details are still unclear, arcade games will also be regulated.

While industry reaction is mixed, the law has the blessing of a B.C. pressure group, the Coalition Opposing Violent Entertainment,



Kline says the industry is getting away with murder.

ment. The organization includes the BCNEP, the B.C. Teachers' Federation, Media Watch and End the Arms Race Coalition. spokeswoman Jillian Sheehy of End the Arms Race says the campaign against video violence has drawn more interest than her work against real weapons. Still, in her view, there isn't much difference. The perpetrators of several school massacres in the United States were heavy players of the Doom and Quake series of so-called first-person shooter games. "While there isn't a direct 'causal link,'" she says, "there is a pattern there that we ignore, I think, in our folly."

Kline says there is a generation gap on the issue. Surveys indicate, he says, that about 80 per cent of parents view computers as



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KINGPIN: LIFE OF CRIME ▶ "This game makes most R-rated films I have seen look tame in comparison. The cast word count is, well, uncountable, and the violence is dished out in large, bloody helpings. From burning enemies screaming in agony after a quick thumping with the flamethrower, to the messy results of a shotgun to the head, *Kingpin* delivers its visceral images without remorse or restraint. In part, this unbridled release of violence and obscenity is what kept me from becoming distracted or even bored by the first several levels."



HALF-LIFE: OPPOSING FORCE ◀ "Get ready for some wild kill-kill-killing. One of your first new finds, and the best in my opinion, is the sided pistol that allows you to win, and instantly kill most creatures. It fills that super-die feeling that makes my tummy warm, and solves the annoying problem of having to fire off 30 rounds of bullets to kill those hard-to-hit head crabs from afar. A new machine-gun sprays an array of bullets that will quickly kill almost anything in your way."



Canada

educational tools. Fewer than one per cent of children say they use educational software. "The kids report that their parents regulate video games less than they regulate TV," he says. Many games are fairly benign, especially strategy games, flying simulations or sports simulations. Yet 36 per cent of the strongest games of B.C. were as violent, Kluge says, and almost one-third of the favourite games for children under 12 are rated Teen or Mature. Kluge plays a videotaped interview with a boy of about 10 who seems positively peeved when asked about the games he plays. "It's other about being or beating a person," says the boy. "It has other goals would you know?"

The B.C. law uses an industry-sanctioned, but independently operated, rating system, the New York-based Entertainment Software Rating Board. The board established in rating guidelines—E, Everyone; T, Teen; M, Mature; A, Adults—in 1994, and they are already printed on most game packages. The board was an industry response to the outcry for regulation over such light games as 1996's *Mortal Kombat Trilogy*—a product now too tame and primitive to hold the interest of most gamers. Barry Salzman, spokesman for British Columbia film-classification office, said the rating ratings are valid, but they were ignored. "If a five-year-old can buy it, what's the point?" Still, he notes the games downloaded off the Net will remain uncensored: "There's no way we can universally affect what's on the Internet."

And industry associations in the United States and Canada say regulation is unnecessary as long as families follow the ratings system. However, not everyone in the industry endorses regulation as a threat. "Of course there should be a rating system," says Danielle

Kilford, director of business development for Radical Entertainment Inc., Vancouver-based game developer. "It just shows the industry is growing up." Radical creates a wide range of action and sports titles—from Jackie Chan's *Scorpion* to NHL Championship 2000—but it does not produce first-person shooters. Still, Michael dismisses the notion that the games present a danger. "It's a mother and I have no problem with kids playing video games. I think it's better than staring blankly into a TV."

Education is exactly what makes violent games dangerous, say critics. Children aren't just watching violence and cue words, says Stern. They're causing "things that we would consider in real life to be unacceptable."

So, why do kids play them? Kluge has developed a surprising theory: because of their parents. Parental fear that the real world is dangerous has severely curtailed the simple joys of unsupervised outdoor play. Instead, parents offer the haven of a well-stocked computer room, perhaps a more dangerous place. "The paradox is, I find that my kids are safe if they're in the bedroom playing on these games, safer than if they were out on the street playing street hockey," says Kluge.

Critics and industry alike agree that no law can replace a vigilant parent. "Video games are not a babysitter," says Katie Reisch, manager of media and community relations for Rogers Video, which has a nationwide policy of not renting age-inappropriate video games to children. Kluge says parents can spend \$1,000 on their kids' video games and games and rationalize it as a lesson in hand-eye co-ordination. Or they can spend a couple of bucks on a device that teaches kids for more complex skills. It's called a ball. "And if you go out in the backyard, too," he says, "you might even get to know them a little bit."

Do you think computer and video games are too violent? www.cbc.ca/vote

"Thank God for The Salvation Army"

"The Salvation Army is reality. It's unconditional love. It's acceptance.

It's the Biblical church, where they care for the poor, the widow and the homeless.

"Sometimes I'd go to The Salvation Army when I was recording my last album. Sitting with the street people was intense. The line disappeared between those who came for help and those, like me, who just turned up. I realized how much the same we all are.

"Thank God for The Salvation Army!"



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Wade Larson is a performing artist, composer and producer who lives in Winnipeg. He is also a friend of The Salvation Army. Wade donated some of the proceeds from his third album to help The Salvation Army.

A Legacy of Mistrust



The 1832 novel *Labour* has been a source of both criticism and appreciation.

By Ken MacQuinn in Vancouver

In the days before British Columbia Premier Ujjal Dosanjh pulled the plug on his monumentally unpopular government and called an election for May 16, attention turned to the walls of the legislature itself. At issue are four murals painted in the 1930s on the century-old planks of the rounds to celebrate the post-European development of the province. Some of the works portray aboriginal people in racialized roles. One mural, *Labour*, has rivetted touring schoolbuses for decades. It shows bare-chested native women hauling logs and fish during the building of Fort Victoria in 1843. The mural should be removed, as a "goodwill gesture" to the First Nations, declared Dosanjh, resigning an old dispute

While debate rages over the historical accuracy and artistic merit of the late painter George Scott's work, the murals are a perfect illustration of how this election, supposedly about the future, is profoundly rooted in the province's past.

Unresolved native land claims will haunt the B.C. election

Perhaps the most dangerous dispute issue for the 38-day campaign is the volatile relationship between non-aboriginal and British Columbia's approximately 160,000 aboriginal people. The hot-button over the crisis of unresolved native land claims, arising from British Columbia's

century-old policy of refusing to negotiate treaties, and the tiffal process made since the province agreed in 1990 to start working with the federal government to negotiate with bands.

Liberal opposition leader Gordon Campbell—who even some NDP strategists predict may win between 72 and 79 seats in the legislature—was vague on the details of many of his policies, beyond a pledge to bring a "new era of hope and prosperity" by kick-starting the private-sector economy with a "diamond" cut in personal taxes. On one issue, however, Campbell is blunt and specific: he wants a provincewide referendum on native land claims within the first year of his mandate.

He outlined the policy in March in a meeting with native leaders, claiming the

vote would clarify the province's negotiating position, and speed the glacial pace of settlement by bringing "equality, clarity and finality" to the issue. He invited the leaders to participate with an all-party committee in drafting the referendum questions. "We are in favour of treaties," said Campbell. "We are in favour of the negotiating process. We want treaties that will work for all British Columbians."

The audience at the First Nations Summit was visibly angry, a reaction providing a foretaste of trouble to come. The leaders—representing all 43 sets of direct negotiations now under way with the federal and provincial governments—condemned the proposed referendum as a breach of trust. Antonio-Ford Campbell took notes, remaining level but his position remains unchanged.

Many leaders in the 1990s were weary veterans of past decades of confrontation, among them George Wiers of the Nuu-chi-nulth Tribal Council, which waged a high-profile campaign that ended logging on Moseley Island in Vancouver Island's Clayoquot Sound. They warned Campbell that his plan to assert the provincial economy would result in native roadblocks, even international protest if a referendum went ahead. Aboriginal groups have fought tax with human rights and environmental activists around the world, Wiers warned. "We will see every one of these relationships go to hell in this province," he said. "If you're going to do harm to us."

On its face, a referendum appeals to many in the rural and liberal right wing. They say claims talks are off (assonment by putting land, resources and even some private property up for grabs). The negotiations, which did not begin in any substantial way until late 1997 under the New Democrats, have yet to produce a single final agreement, through several inch closer to settlement (in a September deal, the Nuu-chi-nulth, which ended cuts, ownership and control over traditional lands in British Columbia's Nuu Valley, was implemented last year). The ongoing talks, a lawyer's dream, have burned through an

estimated \$450 million—a cost shared by the provincial and federal governments, and by the bands, which borrow against their future agreements.

The stakes are enormous. Unlike other provinces where treaties, however antiquated, were signed with native people, British Columbia had amassed a century of unresolved claims—and a legacy of mistrust. As a result, much of the province

glled with a public desire to resolve the issue and a consistent long-term in the courts, forced Bill Vander Zanden Social Credit government to the table. Several Supreme Court of Canada rulings confirmed what native leaders had long maintained: First Nations have substantial rights that must be recognized—preferably through negotiations.

Mike Richardson was president of the

Council of the Haida Nation during the ugly, protracted standoff in the 1970s and '80s that ultimately stopped the logging of traditional lands on South Moresby, part of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Now, as chief commissioner of the B.C. Treaty Commission—a neutral body that facilitates negotiations—he says it takes dialogue to achieve a lasting settlement. The five-member commission is unanimous in warning that a referendum could trigger a withdrawal from negotiations, leaving the millions involved so far, while putting the province, as Richardson says, "back on the slippery slope into confrontation." A blockade, he adds, is a dangerously blunt instrument, much like a referendum. "No room for reconciliation. No room for win-win solutions. It's either war or you."

Desperate. New Democrats, in their search for a winnable election strategy, have the referendum issue in a race called in the Liberal's armoury. Ian Watt, co-chairman of the NDP campaign, predicts a referendum would be "disastrous." He adds, "We'll have war in the words and war on the roads." Caught between Campbell and Dosanjh are the aboriginal people themselves. Their uncertain, unhappy role in the settlement of the province is recorded on the murals that Dosanjh, in a pre-election pledge, wants chipped from the legislature's walls at a cost of almost \$396,000. The resulting mess might also be an even more stark statement: put the mural wall on display and call it *Land Claims*—a meditation on correcting the costly errors of the past.



Gordon Campbell's political fire predict a Liberal sweep.

"We are in favour of treaties. We want treaties that work for all British Columbians"

is disposed to settle. Claims over traditional lands now compete with forest reserves, mineral and grazing rights, and private property. By the 1970s and 1980s, the province was riddled by escalating native-led blockades of resource projects on traditional lands, highway roadblocks and armed standoffs. In 1990, Prime Minister Mulroney authorized that unresolved claims cost 1,500 jobs a year and \$1 billion in lost investment in mining and forestry alone. In that same year, the unrest, con-

THE FORGOTTEN

By Catherine Roberts

A dusk squalor over the northern Congolese village of Rene, the temperature begins to drop from a stifling 35°C. The red dirt road is empty except for a slim, pale figure advancing in the distance. As the image becomes clearer, a little boy screams with delight, "Mwende! Mwende!" (White man! White man!) Within seconds, dozens of giggling black children line both sides of the dusty road, hands outstretched, trying to touch Dr. Ray Male as he rushes by on his morning run. "I have to brush their hands," laughs Male. "It's a game they like to play."

Male, a 58-year-old family physician from Toronto, keeps running until the laughter fades. Then other, sadder images intrude on his mind: the faces of many of the children's parents who lie in his clinic awaiting death from sleeping sickness—a parasitic disease that is fatal if left untreated. Male does his best for his patients, but his efforts are often in vain. Sleeping sickness is just one of a list of so-called forgotten diseases, including malaria and tuberculosis, that have re-emerged in Africa with a vengeance, killing thousands each year. The disease are developing a resistance to existing drugs and there are not enough new low-cost alternatives. "Let's be frank," said Can Harlan Boardman, director general of the World Health Organization.

"Lifelong drug costs while millions of people cannot afford them. That amounts to a moral problem." It is a problem that Male, a volunteer with Médecins sans frontières (Doctors Without Borders), often ponders as he sets his satchel by the light of a bonfire in a hut. A woman of two previous missions in Africa, he will soon be scanning 500 people a day for sleeping sickness in villages around Gaborone, 300 km from the capital, Botswana. "Our sickest patients so far," says Male, who is single, was a 24-year-old woman who looked about 80 when she was brought in. But after treatment, she's walking. It's amazing.

Such miracles keep Male's spirits up as he wages his battle against the disease, which is caused by a parasite carried by the tsetse fly. Like malaria and tuberculosis, sleeping sickness was brought under control in the 1960s, but soon re-emerged when impoverished countries could no longer afford prevention programs. At the same time, the disease have slowly developed a resistance to the pharmaceuticals used to treat them. The results have been catastrophic: In 1993, sleeping sickness killed at least 66,000 people, while up to 500,000 people contract the disease every year.

There is no shortage of money being spent on pharmaceutical research. Between 1975 and 1997, 1,223 new drugs were introduced worldwide. But only 13 of those were for tropical diseases. "The rest," says Male, "are for Western diseases of excess and vanity—obesity and hair loss." But the drug industry believes it is acting fairly. "We try to do what the industry is called upon to do: the social safety net," also Dr. Harvey Bale Jr., the Geneva-based head of the International Federation of Pharmaceutical Manufacturers/Associations. "It is our job as the pharmaceutical company to do that."

Until new drugs come on the market, the only widely available drug to treat advanced sleeping sickness is melarsoprol. Male delivers the highly toxic drug, which contains arsenic, by pumping it directly into his patients' veins in an unrelenting series of 10 injections. "If the drug gets outside of the vein," says Male, "it leaves a big ulcer that takes months to heal." The parasite causing the disease, meanwhile, has built up resistance to the medication. "In less than 10 years," says Joseph David Bradd, president of Médecins sans frontières (France), "our ability to cure patients has decreased by 25 per cent because no new medication is available."

In the case of sleeping sickness, there is a more effective alternative,



A child waits for a mother who may never wake up

native to melarsoprol. It is known as efarnidone, dubbed the "Resurrection Drug" because it can pull victims out of their first coma and has far fewer side-effects. Originally developed as a cancer treatment, efarnidone proved ineffective for that purpose and was phased out. In 1993, WHO officials purchased the remaining supplies, some of the last vials are expected to reach Male this week. The WHO also secured the license for efarnidone in 1999 and is now looking for manufacturers.

For other diseases, cost-effective alternative drugs are also needed quickly. Chloroquine, the most common anti-malaria drug, was developed in 1934. But the malaria parasite, carried by mosquitoes, is developing a resistance to it. Meanwhile, malaria killed 955,000 people in 1999 in Africa, while another 357,000 died of

tuberculosis, which is also becoming resistant to commonly available medicines. "Tuberculosis is resurging," says Male. "There are strains that no drug can treat."

Meanwhile, the World Trade Organization has already moved to extend intellectual patent protection on drugs. Countries like India are currently circumventing costly Western pharmaceuticals by making knock-off copies of the same medicines. But when the new rules are phased in by 2006 in the developing world, health workers worry that the resulting disruptions will mean even higher drug costs. Such concerns are never far from Male's mind as he drives his white Land Cruiser towards the banks of the Congo River where he plans to visit villages. "It's not waiting for more medicine to arrive," says Male. And so are hundreds of doctors across Africa. ■

VICTORY IN SOUTH AFRICA

It's nothing less than an epidemic. More than 25 million people in sub-Saharan Africa have AIDS or HIV—the virus that causes the fatal disease. Almost two million of them are in South Africa, which has the highest per capita rate in the world. Many live in poverty and cannot afford to buy AIDS drugs, which cost as much as \$15,000 annually per patient. In order to help the victims, the South African government proposed to import cheaper generic versions of the same drugs. Some countries took its side, but 33 of the world's largest drug companies fought the case in court, saying it was a violation of international trade law, and claiming that the cheaper drugs would cause them to lose their way back to North America.

Last week, though, hundreds of people cheered in the streets of South Africa's capital, Pretoria, to celebrate a victory for AIDS sufferers. The drug companies finally withdrew their lawsuit which focused on the growing international perception that they were denying drugs to some of the poorest people in the world. The decision is expected to encourage poor countries across Africa that have also been denied cheaper drugs to fight AIDS. "There is no doubt the principles have received a big boost," says Mark Heywood of the Johannesburg-based advocacy group Treatment Action Campaign. "I think it will embolden people in developing countries around the world to stand up for medicines that are affordable."

C.R.



Male (left) and his staff's clinic hours after his visit

Africa needs drugs in its fight against newly resurgent killer diseases



Team player Larosseau sits on the trading floor he created

TEACHERS' PET PEEVES

By Katherine Mackinnon

A powerful pension fund boss crusades for more shareholder clout

I have a concern with some corporations in Canada right now," James Ryan is saying from the floor of the annual meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board. Ryan, a teacher of students who are parents at Toronto's Sunnybrook & Women's College Health Sciences Centre, has waited for his turn at the mike as teacher after teacher addresses the small state of officers who manage the pension fund. Ryan calls for a minute about the disproportionately high salaries paid to chief executives and other company officials. He singles out Nortel Networks Corp., saying he is "most concerned" about the high-tech giant, in CEO John Roth, and his \$135 million in stock options last year. "I'm wondering what can be done," he says, "in the way of making some of the companies we own more accountable to us."

Greater accountability from Canada's publicly traded companies

is exactly what the teachers' pension plan board is striving for. Under the direction of Claude Larosseau, an ambitious 58-year-old asset manager, the fund is turning upside down the notion that pension plan management is a sleepy affair. Larosseau and his crew—he stresses this is a team effort—have taken on Canada's largest and most powerful corporations, Nortel included, in a crusade to make them more transparent and more accountable to shareholders. With his shock of white hair, pressed cotton shirt and silk ties, Larosseau may seem an unlikely activist. But behind him, he's got the might of a \$73-billion pension fund that holds a piece of every major company—and more and more ones—in Canada. In terms of capital market players, the fund is second in size only to Quebec's Caisse de dépôt et placement, another pension fund not averse to throwing its weight around. Larosseau personifies a new dimension in what may be called

democratic capitalism, says Keith Ambachtsheer, a Toronto-based adviser to pension funds around the world. As public companies prospered in the 20th century, he notes, hired managers increasingly ran companies owned by a large pool of passive shareholders. "Claude represents a movement of reconstruction of ownership and control," he says. "This is a big shift."

As big as it may be, there are few pretensions about Larosseau. Teachers' offices, in northern Toronto at the end of a subway line, are a long reach from the downtown financial district. Larosseau lives in a modest house, but unlike many of his neighbors, he eschews the car and drives what could easily come with his status and rides the subway to work. When speaking of Teachers' successes, he is unassuming to the point of being self-effacing. He laughs when asked what he thinks of his image as the white knight, cleaning up corporate Canada. "Probably overdone," he says. Good governance improves performance, he explains. "We are here to make money for the members of this plan. Good governance is just a means."

As unassuming as he is, Larosseau is not lacking in confidence. Nor has he been afraid to "lift the nap," as he says, in his own domain, to expose problems swept beneath. When he arrived at Teachers in 1990 with a mandate to create an equity-investor or pensioner, he unexpectedly found an administrative lullaby. Teachers, for instance, barely had a computer system—and only was the new terminal available to staff housed off a classroom, a squandered room of training because employees could use it. But the "petite distance," Larosseau says, was a benefit of telephone near the main reception area. After pushing some dirt over the phone's keypad, he discovered that teachers—the clients of the pension fund—who wanted up with an appointment had to use them to talk to plan reps, some of whom were on the other side of the wall. Larosseau said the phone he took down. Twice. The third time he brought it up, he admits his voice was loud enough that everyone on both floors occupied by the pension plan could hear what he had to say.

The next day, the phones were history. Larosseau, a francophone who grew up near St-Hyacinthe, Que., says he's appalled at all his in the same way—as though he'd be there and retirement. "I'd ditch like the environment, then I'd change the environment," he says in a soft Quebec accent. This is the same approach he takes as a player in the capital markets, one that studies him, as Ambachtsheer says, "the most visible and articulate" figure calling for better corporate governance. "What Larosseau wants are decisions at the board level that re-

spond better to shareholders' interests. He wants a majority of directors to be outsiders, rather than corporate officers or others involved with the company. He wants boards kept small enough to be effective, though not so small that they can't operate. He wants the chief executive and chairman to be different individuals, not one person holding both titles. Larosseau is opposed, in most cases, to the poison pill, or the more palatable named shareholder-rights plan, a potent anti-takeover device involving expensive new share issues. He is also wary of going private transactions, leveraged buyouts, asset breakup agreements, ownership differences and the payment of greenmail—all of which are variations on the theme of financing one set of shareholders (usually insiders) over another (usually minority shareholders). Lastly, Larosseau has been most vocal about stock options—the deals that allow executives or employees to buy shares at a fixed price,

which they hope will be much lower than the market price when they exercise them. Not only are options not accounted for on Canadian companies' balance sheets, says Larosseau, they dilute shareholder value. "This is a huge problem," he says. "Rather than to change or shareholders are really going to find themselves at the short end of the stick."

On this front, Larosseau is encountering stiff opposition. Last year, Teachers voted against amendments to an options plan at Nortel's annual meeting, but lost, and the changes allowed Roth to go home with his \$135 million. And because options have become common currency across North America, there is widespread support for them in the corporate world. Canadian companies would be hard-pressed to compete for executive talent without them, defend any. Besides, they pay much more than would the plan. Teachers supports—options added to a company's performance relative to its peers. Larosseau and his colleagues at Teachers are or over their own issue, says one banking industry executive, "and they're not enough to move the dial."

Fundamentally, Larosseau's efforts on options, poison pills or at larger corporate directors. "Who approves these things?" he asks, in the manner of a Socratic professor. "Is the directors? What is the role of the directors? The directors are there representing the shareholders." Sure, he says, they have begun to take it. The chairman of the compensation committees of all the banks bar one have called Teachers. Some directors have asked Teachers for its views, most recently about options, in writing. With a letter from the giant pension fund in hand, directors can add up confusion at the board table and blame Teachers. "At that point, we become the bad guy," Larosseau says, perfectly content. In fact, that would be Larosseau's answer to James Ryan's question about how to make companies accountable: play the bad guy. For Larosseau, that's good as it gets. ■

Power Portfolio

The top 10 equity holdings of the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board as of Dec. 31, 2000—the most recent such a big market player will disclose—and what these holdings would be worth now

	Value \$5 billion
Norfolk Networks	\$990
Norfolk	\$770
Royal Bank	\$418
Great Energy	\$394
Toronto Dominion Bank	\$332
AT&T Canada	\$317
Bank of Montreal	\$312
Bank of Nova Scotia	\$307
ENR	\$296
Manulife Financial	\$275

OTHER MAJOR INVESTMENTS

Canada bonds and T-bills	\$24.2 billion
Cash: 100%	\$6.2 billion
Highway 407 (CIT), bonds	\$752 million
Power Financial	\$530 million
Myers Ltd. Sports & Out.	\$400 million

Source: Ontario Teachers' Pension Board



Business

The Claws Come Out

Two Atlantic seafood tycoons square off over control of Newfoundland's biggest company

By John DeMont

John Crosbie has been back on the Newfoundland campaign trail lately. Instead of fading quietly into a lawyerly twilight at 70, the once-time finance minister has been on the stump in small towns and before the drums in media interviews—all because he says Vic Young has been too long in the saddle as chairman of Newfoundland's biggest company, Fishery Products International Ltd. Crosbie is backing a new slate of directors, led by a surprise from the mainland, to run the venerable St. John's-based seafood firm. It's an unpopular notion in a province ever worried that out-

siders are going to pillage its natural resources. Which is precisely why Crosbie, who has weathered eight federal and provincial elections and travelled Newfoundland selling everything from the Free Trade Agreement to the Atlantic groundfish moratorium, is the perfect pitchman. "I opposed the authorization of Joey Smallwood when I was getting started in politics," he says. "I am just as opposed to the authorization of Vic Young."

Yes, precious—and therefore—are running a tad high in the dump over FPI. In close-knit Newfoundland, even something as mundane as a boardroom squabble takes

on an intensely personal nature. Stirring the pot has been the uncrowned seafood king of Nova Scotia, John Riley, president and owner of Clearwater Fine Foods Inc., one of the world's largest exporters of shellfish. He wants to depose FPI's 13-member board because, he says, their conservative management style has kept the company's stock price flat. Not so, maintains Young, Newfoundland's fishing industry supreme by virtue of his 16 years as FPI chairman. He says Riley simply wants to install his own slate of directors so he can ultimately take control of, and gas, one of his biggest competitors. Last week, a Newfoundland Supreme Court judge ruled that FPI's shareholders will be able to choose the directors they want at the company's May 1 shareholder meeting. Shareholders hope that if you get both



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sides in a room together they should be able to work something out before then," says Irwin Michael, a portfolio manager with ABC Funds in Toronto, which owns 825,000 FPI shares. Interestingly, though, they sound like wishful thinking.

The big fish in this pond, after all, are used to having things their own way. Riley, an insurance scion's son, started out peddling lobster from a pickup truck 25 years ago. Since then, he has built Clearwater into Canada's largest privately owned seafood business. Creditable call him "the greatest entrepreneur and risk-taker in the Atlantic fishing industry." A short, intense man who used to race yachts and cars, Riley, 53, refuses to let how profitable Clearwater is. But he has made enough money to be one of Nova Scotia's most prominent philanthropists—and to own an island in Malibu Bay, near the 30,000-square-foot home he recently built for an estimated \$20 million.

His 35-year-old sons are in no slack either. Puritan-looking and silver-haired, Young did an MBA at the University of Western Ontario before returning to Newfoundland to take a job with the provincial treasury board when, at 27, he became deputy minister. Six years later, he was appointed chairman of Newfoundland and Labrador

Hydro, which he managed to turn around despite the poor economic deal that, as premier, Smallwood signed with the Quebec government for the Churchill Falls hydroelectric project. As FPI, he's earned the same stock under even worse circumstances. When the 1991 greenfish moratorium devastated the Atlantic fishery, Young closed plants and diversified into new fish species. The result: FPI stayed afloat when other firms failed, and last year increased profits by 76 per cent to \$13.6 million.

Yet as a company, FPI has always been a different kind of odd. It was established together in late 1983 from the bankrupt ruins of seven of the province's major fishing companies, thanks to a \$190-million rescue package that made the federal and provincial governments and the Bank of Nova Scotia its owners. In 1987, a \$260-



Vic Young claims his opponents intend to close plants and slash jobs

million equity stake in the company (see government ownership) Does then, FPI was not exactly a textbook public company: it helped the firm stay independent while it got its sea legs, the provincial government decided that no entity could own more than 15 per cent of the common shares—and that no individuals or corporations could act "in concert" by buying more than 15 per cent of the stock.

Young has always said the board intended to ask the Newfoundland legislature to remove the restrictions, which, by most interpretations, tramples shareholder rights. All the same, the 15-per-cent clause came in handy in December 1993, when Clearwater, along with Newfoundland Freezing Plants Corp., controlled by Newfoundland businessman Bill Breyer, and Icelandic Freezing Plants Corp. of Reykjavik, Iceland, offered \$9 per share for all FPI stock. Riley's concern only dropped the hostile, \$142-million bid when it learned certain Newfoundland had no intention of removing the 15-per-cent restriction.

But Riley and his partners weren't through yet. Since the failed bid, Clearwater, Icelandic and Bill Breyer's firm have bought enough stock to control nearly 40 per cent of FPI. On March 26, Riley

upped the ante, putting forward an alternative slate of FPI directors, which included Combie, Nova Scotia grocery magnate Frank Sobey and Newfoundland telecom tycoon Derrick Rowe, who would replace Young as chairman if the slate succeeds. Both Riley and Young have since visited Toronto to lobby for support among Bay Street institutional investors.

Riley maintains he has only the power of motivation: he wants his shares to trade closer to the \$15 to \$20 value he believes they merit, rather than the \$11.40 FPI stock was fetching last week.

In his view, the current board—which includes Thomas Kemm, former president of the C. D. Howe Institute and chairman of the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research, and Elizabeth Parr-Johnson, president of the University of New Brunswick—lacks the right stuff for the job. "This is about performance," says Riley. "Young and his board are risk-averse, enormously conservative and initially immune to the opportunistic psyche that invades most company boardrooms."

Young, politically astute enough to once be considered a potential provincial Tory leader, has been casting a very different light, especially to Newfoundlanders. "This whole thing has nothing to do with our performance, corporate democracy or any of that," he says. "This is about a competitor who wants control for his own purposes." Even though Riley contends that he and his board would lower salaries and keep FPI plants open year-round instead of for a few months, Young has depicted them as opportunists who intend to close plants and slash jobs to boost the share price. All the inflammatory talk has predictably soured a nerve. Unions representing fishermen and plant workers have rallied around the boycott board. So have the myriad of communities in which FPI plants are the only real employer: "We like the approach the current board has to running things," says Christine Rogers, mayor of Harbour Breton, a town of 2,250 on the island's south coast. Now Young and his allies must try to convince shareholders of the same thing. ■

Tech Explorer

Air Canada's high-flying correspondence

Just when you thought there was one place e-mail couldn't reach you, you've found it. On a trial basis, passengers aboard some Air Canada flights have been able to get their messages while in the sky. Partnering with Seattle-based Texting Communications Inc., Air Canada has outfitted five Boeing 767s to send and receive e-mail. Recipients can't even tell where the e-mail is coming from.



Oh yes, even at 35,000 feet, you can get your e-mail.

Texting program manager "I don't know whether you're at 35,000 feet," says Neely. "or at your desk—it's seamless."

Air Canada, according to Neely, is the first commercial airline in the world to offer airborne e-mail. Caribay Pacific, Virgin Atlantic and Scandinavian Airlines have plans to follow suit, while Singapore Airlines is testing a satellite-based system for use over water. In Air Canada's case, users first sign up on the ground at Texting's Web site, using an e-mail address that is accessible with a standard Internet e-mail reader such as Outlook Express or Eudora. Once in flight, they plug their laptops into a jack in the airplane lodged in the seat in front of them to connect to an on-board server. The server sends and receives e-mail and any attachments by

radio waves to ground towers ordinarily used for air-traffic communication. From there, phone lines relay the message to Texting's network operation centre in Seattle for distribution. The server also houses cached Web content that includes news, sports and weather reports. So far,

about 7,000 Air Canada flyers have signed up for the free trial, which ends on May 15. Both sides are discussing whether to expand the project, and are searching how much users may be willing to pay for the service.

Electrifying speed

Ferrari is synonymous with speed, but JVC Population Inc. of San Dimas, Calif., has an electric car that can smother the Italian manufacturer's F355 sports car. Called the Tzero, the electric dynamo accelerates from zero to 100 km/h in 4.1 seconds, recently beating the Ferrari in a drag race, the company says. The Tzero speed comes in part from its formidable power-to-weight ratio, and deficit that there are no gears to shift. Production is expected to begin next year, but at \$120,000 a pop, the Tzero might not move as fast.



Danilo Hovavakha

COOL SITE

Veggie interesting

Want to feel healthier? See what the creative talents behind www.veggo.com have a few more, offering animated videos of vegetable recipes from around the world. That mission, in addition to selling video services, is to expose viewers to "alternative attitudes on nutrition, exercise, weight loss, disease prevention, sex and lifestyle." The videos are fun, attractively packaged and the food looks good.



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When you buy a coffee on Camp Day, you'll help send economically disadvantaged kids from your community to our camps. It's an experience that can make a world of difference for a child.

Camp Day

Wednesday, May 16*



Keen to shrug off long winters, Canadians keep the gardening business blooming

Flower Power

COVER

BY D'ARCY JENISH in Loomington

Cole Cacciatelli is inspecting flowers, acids and acids of them, all growing under glass in his family-owned CF Greenhouses in the southwestern Ontario town of Loomington. There are dozens of varieties—the ever-popular impatiens, petunias, geraniums and begonias among them—being cultivated in trays, pots and containers, not to mention hanging baskets suspended in long rows two deep from the ceilings. Everywhere he turns, the 45-year-old Cacciatelli sees blossoms spritzed here and there amid blankets of lush, green foliage. On this early April day, several weeks before the flowers will be shipped to garden centres, supermarkets and home improvement centres across the province, Cacciatelli is looking for what he calls uniformity. “We want our flowers to look like soldiers,” he says. “Whether someone buys them, they should all be the same height and should all have blossoms.”

Big growers like Cacciatelli's, based mostly in southern Ontario and British Columbia's Fraser Valley, like to boast that they can churn out flowers like an automated production line. Many have taken over small family businesses started by their Dutch or Italian immigrant parents, but they have built greenhouses that make a typical big-box department store look puny. And their low-maintenance, high-performance animals, bred to bloom from early spring till the first fall frost, have become the backbone of the country's \$4-billion-a-year gardening industry. Aided by assembly-line production techniques and computers that control watering, heating and fertilizing, they will deliver millions of plants to retail outlets in time for the Victoria Day holiday weekend, the unofficial start of the gardening season in most parts of the country. “We work around the clock in the 30 days before May 24,” says Cacciatelli. “After that, you can turn out the lights.”

Well, not quite. Greenhouse operators now produce year-round and generate revenues of close to \$150 million annually from the sale of potted flowers, such as Christmas poinsettias, Easter lilies, mums for Mother's Day. And almost daily, 16-m-



The weather's always perfect indoors. Still, growers like Cacciatelli always hope for a rainy spring. “If it rains, it rains,” he says, “but it rains.”

transport trucks leave greenhouses in Ontario Niagara Peninsula loaded with potted mini-trees, trees, calla lilies and other varieties destined for hundreds of American department stores. Last year, these exports totalled just over \$300 million, and gave Canada a trade surplus with the United States of \$234 million in floral and nursery products—the fourth straight positive balance. “Niagara’s potted-plant industry is now the largest in North America,” boasts John Akers of Vineland, one of the peninsula’s biggest producers. “We like to say that our market is east of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf of Mexico.”

But Canadians snap up most of the plants—particularly the spring-blooming ones—to beautify their backyards, decks and apartment balconies. Gardening has become one of the most popular leisure activities in the country, a trend widely attributed to a prolonged period of rising affluence and thriving public attitudes. “My theory is that the Depression and World War II killed gardening for pleasure for a whole generation of Canadians,” says Tom Thomson, horticulturist with Hamber Nurseries of Burlington, Ont. “People applied to flower gardens and planted vegetables. It was a patriotic duty. It has come back with a generation that knows nothing about war or depression.” That would be the baby boomers, who, Akers notes, “like to place flowers, and give them as gifts because they are cheap and beautiful.”

When any morning around in the garden on a warm spring day is the ideal way to stretch off Canada’s long, cold winter. West Coast residents are blessed with a climate in which daffodils sometimes bloom in February, and anemals can go in the ground by early March. But on the Prairies and in Newfoundland,



peninsula, which this spring comes in three new shades—pink, lilac and purple, with lavender due out next year. “Flowers tend to come in and out of fashion,” says John Bennett, sales and marketing director with PEI-based Vasey Seeds Ltd. “A few years ago, sunflowers began showing up in home decor items, which drove sales. Now we carry 25 varieties. Wild, eh?”

For many Canadians, a full-blown passion for gardening often begins by planting a few annuals. At 51, Joanne Klumper is just discovering the pleasure of a garden, something she did not have

▲ Aided by assembly-line production techniques, businesses like Niagara Under Glass can deliver scores of plants

of the world. “In fact, the variety of available plants is staggering,” Thomson says. The nursery he works for carries, among other things, 3,000 perennials, 600 aquatic plants and 100 landscape firms. “I’ve never to produce a catalogue that listed and described every item,” he says. “It would be the size of two Toronto phone books.”

For all that selection, most Canadian gardeners still prefer no-mess, no-fuss perennials, geraniums and a few other favorites, and a sophisticated industry has emerged to satisfy the demand. Some growers have expanded dramatically over the past decade, largely because of the introduction of new technology. Cacioliaviani says his parents, Floyd, 71, and Beena, 69, who emigrated from Italy after the Second World War, built their first greenhouse, a 10-m by 60-m structure, in 1976 and expanded shortly after the next three decades. By the mid-1980s, they had 1.2 hectares under glass. Since then, they have grown to 10 hectares and doubled their output per hectare, improvements made possible by a Dutch-developed computer system that controls the distribution of water, fertilizer, heat and light. “We use no heat or any grey in charge of watering,” says Cacioliaviani. “Now we can do it in 15 minutes before we go home at night.”

The computer ensures that many varieties of plants receive the right mix of water and nutrients required at different stages of their life cycle. It adjusts the heat—temperatures can vary by up to 10 degrees within the greenhouse—on the basis of information from an outdoor sensing device that monitors air temperature, wind speed and its direction. It also operates mechanized screens used to reduce the amount of sunlight glassed receive. By regulat-

ing the flow of heat, light and nutrients, Cacioliaviani says, greenhouse operators can control the growth rates of the crops and deliver made-to-measure bedding plants to retail outlets.

Many growers have also increased their output by investing in mechanized seeders and transplanting machines. Marc Shane, who started Miller Greenhouses Ltd. near Langley, B.C., 30 km southeast of Vancouver, worldwide Duroc in 1992, says they used to rely on a sub-station to sow seeds on film. The transplanting of seedlings, he adds, was all done by hand. Shane and his wife have since purchased more than \$1 million worth of equipment that eliminates much of the pre-planting labour. One machine can place seeds the size of a grain of sand in the middle of a one-centimetre-square plug of soil. Another device puts soil into film and drills holes for seedlings. The transplanter then lifts the seedlings out of the plugs and places them in the holes. A conveyor belt moves the film past a labelling device, through a watering tunnel and into the greenhouse. “We call it our McDonald’s line,” Shane says. “It’s just like making a hamburger.”

Over the past year, greenhouse operators have been hit hard by rising energy costs. Most heat with natural gas, and spot-market prices have doubled to about \$18 per thousand cubic metres. Growers who are supplying the mass markets—grocery chains, home improvement centers and department stores—have not been able to pass on all of those costs to their customers.

But Shane and his wife have come up with an unusual solution to the problem. Two years ago, they acquired a 1.6-hectare greenhouse operation in Dugway, Sask., the largest one of its province. But then, he says, one in six of the plants on the coast, even in mid-winter, because the brilliant Prairie sunshine from the greenhouse during the day. And the dry air means they spend less money heating, which causes damage. “We are actually growing bedding plants in Saskatchewan and shipping them to British Columbia,” Shane says. “Believe it or not, it is economically viable.” But even with high-tech systems, growers and retailers say their business still hangs on the weather. “If the sun shines, our phone rings off of itself, especially around May 24,” says John Onufrius, president of Seedling Farms in Leamington. “If it’s cold and many people aren’t buying flowers,” Gordon Kennedy, manager of Highland Nurseries in St. John’s, Nfld., has also seen how brief the window of opportunity can be. “If we don’t get good weather off the 20th of June, people say ‘forget it,’” he says. “The year is gone.” This year, some operators say, economic uncertainty could put a dent in their business because flowerers are discretionary items in most families’ budgets. “An amazingly large percentage of people have something in the garden and I haven’t seen a happy inventory lately,” says Bruce Prescott, owner of Prescott’s Garden Centre in Saint John.

“I don’t know how people’s gardening is going to rise to this point,” Prescott says. “New Year is a season that grows water all over well and that has known a million-dollar business out of its blooming anemones—there is no better timing after Flower Power.”

A sophisticated industry has grown up to satisfy an insatiable demand for no-fuss, no-mess bedding plants

killer frosts can occur as late as mid-June. Gardeners in those parts of the country respond by jacking up much as they can into a short season. “Prairie gardeners are nuts,” says Susan Reibbeck, retail greenhouse manager with a nursery in Headingley, Man., on the outskirts of Winnipeg. “They plant, plant, plant even before the last frost date. You can drive up and down the streets at night and everybody’s got their gardens covered with dreams. It’s amazing.”

No matter where they live, gardeners want colour, and lots of it. Canadian growers acquire more new spring annuals from American, European or Japanese seed developers, who exhibit flowers grown from their seeds at shows in California every April. This spring, growers are touting disgorgeing begonias, which can take more sun than most begonia and produce chains of hanging red blossoms. Last year, one of the big sellers was the tidal wave perennials, which produce a mass of cherry or hot pink blossoms. Before the tidal wave, there was the hugely successful wave

time for when she was a single mother raising three children. Now she lives on a half-acre property west of Winnipeg with her second husband, and in early spring unfolds her gardening tech by filling her windows with trays of geraniums, marigolds, pansies and orchids. “I have begonia everywhere in the house,” she says. “We have such long winters that you’re craving colour by spring.” Jack Marshall has gone from dabbler to enthusiast for reasons she doesn’t fully understand. “I don’t know who bit me,” says the 55-year-old resident of Saint John, N.B., who has lived with her husband in the same small bungalow for 34 years but never ventured beyond annuals until last spring. “I bought 10 shrubs and a whole bunch of perennials. Now my friends don’t want to talk to me because all I think about is gardening.”

Gardeners who possess the powerful green thumb, of course, are often even more adventurous. “A lot of people use ornamental grasses, which you didn’t see a few years ago,” says B.C. author and broadcaster Don Kennedy, who has written two books on gardening. “And I was one of the big retail outlets recently and they had tons of a shrub called overgrown hollyhocks, which is native to this part

The right tool can help ease the strain of a tough day in the garden

Yo! You Hoe!

By the work, so the saying goes, one knows the worker—so why not start with some really cool tools? Not that you need to splurge \$865 on stainless steel Herra's new clipper with hand-stitched leather handles, or \$1,500 for the French folio's house's rubber-and-leather shoe. While the up-front cost of buying well-designed, well-made garden tools may be high, there are long-term payoffs. Such tools are crafted to last decades and be easier to use thanks to ergonomic features like comfy grips and handles angled to ease wrist strain.

Culled from the Lee Valley Tools Ltd. 2001 catalogue, the items shown here are the ones of things bound to come in handy as Canada's short-lived gardening season gets under way in the next few weeks. Still, the \$472 price tag for the cool package shown here may be just the starting point. What about adding a garden goose? A trefle? A cooler box? The list can grow longer than a dandelion tap root.

Oh, and by the way, it makes sense to have the tools at hand and the soil prepared before you head off to the garden centre. Many a person has come to a sorry end, on a driveway or back porch while waiting to be planted.

Barbara Wickham

Hee Haw:

OK, so maybe a \$119 Hoes metal watering can seem like an indulgence. But anybody who spends enough time hand watering may consider a long, back-of-the-fore-reaching spout a necessity.



Dig this: Weeder, four-prong fork, trowel, transplant spade, digging spade, digging fork and draw hoe are all available in stainless steel. Don't think of them as ordinary garden tools. Think of them as a serious solution to proper upkeep.



Give yourself a hand:

You say you like to get dirt under your nails? Forget about it. The neighbor's cat may have left something nasty crawling with a parasite, toxoplasmosis, which in rare instances can lead to eye inflammation and blindness. Soil also contains a fungus, *Blastomyces dermatitidis*, that can make you ill. Wear gloves. And wash your hands, too.

Here's your hat, what's your hurry?

Two hours in the sun is two hours in the sun, whether you're on a beach or in your own backyard. And wear sunblock—the waterproof kind since you'll be working up about 300 calories worth of sweat an hour.



Don't get snippy:

A clearly cut plant is a happy plant that's more resistant to pests and disease than its raggedly cut neighbor. And that makes it sharp pruned—at \$55.50—a thing of sheer beauty.

No more hide-and-seek:

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Kneel down:
Contoured knee pads. Need we say more?

Muckin' about:

Wellington boots or garden clogs? The clogs are easy to slip on and off. But the wellies have over 160 years of tradition on their side. Depends, ultimately, on how deep the mud is.



■ The 'miserables' takes a break from writhed spring clones

by spreading peatmoor bags of loam, peat moss and manure on the beds. Every year, I have added a little more. I contributed the loaches, strewing coffee grounds around those and adding rhododendrons, burying banana peels for trace minerals and racking garlic around the roses to deter pesky aphids. I readed gardening books and wandered through nurseries, struggling to understand how and gardeners managed to put gardens together.

There have been epiphanies. After years of seasonal disappointment, I snapped fighting the shade. I thought foxtailflower, Korean wax bells, globeallard and gaura were such as "Korean Regal" and "Frances Williams" and "Royal Standard." Their frosty blooms and bush leaves have transformed these dismal patches. I finally realized that I prefer blue, purple and pale yellow flowers to any other colour. The red tulips were doomed. Any residual pink is increasingly muted—and probably outgrown. Even more than flowers,

I like the contrasting colours and shapes and textures of the leaves. Such a silvery-grey Hastingia americana beside a black bayberry. Tiep a few spring and autumn-blooming anemones beside lacy clematis. And, as I should have discovered at the start, I now spend a two-inch layer of cedar mulch around spreading plants each spring. It's weeded work—but it eliminates most weeding for the rest of the season.

There have been more mistakes. My garden is too cluttered with too many kinds of plants, all vying for the eye, all competing for space. It would be better to let a few artfully placed shrubs unfold in peaceful splendour. There have been laughs. I have toppled down my rose slope, emerging around with mud and surrounded by my guests—just in time to meet new neighbours. There have been satisfactions. I finally figured out that apple trees was the only place that could survive the rigors of dwelling beside an air conditioner. And then have been finds by sheer luck. I once picked up husband's suitcase—a member of the Chinese forge-mao-wei family—and in brilliant blue flowers are now a spring highlight.

But, mostly, there have been joys. I sing along to classic Atlantic and Memphis soul on my Withers while my neighbours shout, "Keep your day job, babe." I shuffle the plants into new lineups with such gleeful regularity that I can almost hear them hissing "miserables." I rake and dig and weed until my muscles ache and my mind is free of gnawing worries. Sometimes, I just sit on the deck, watching the sunlight creep across the foliage, bushing the leaves to life. Gardening is not a hobby. It's a life for the frustrated soul. ■

Branching Out

By Mary Junigan

In the beginning, in the spring of 1989, there were only forlorn attempts of once-splendid flower beds in the back garden of our new Toronto home. They were dotted with stalks of clematis, a few strip red tulips, scattered weeds and the scraggly shoots of aging shrubs. I didn't know an acreal from a pennant. But I knew that I longed to go out and play. And so began my off-the-beaten, occasionally ludicrous and always wonderfully comforting quest as an aspiring gardener.

That first painful year was the roughest. I didn't know enough to count "drifts" or "clumps" of each perennial. So, during my forays into the nursery, I selected one of every plant that took my fancy, heedless of colour or height or light requirements or bloom time. Shoved into the ground, each speck of foliage sat alone amid a large patch of unworked soil. Most perished dead. Only one brave cluster of white bellflower survives today as a reminder of those days of flower folly.

Since then, the learning curve has been steep and often slippery. The next summer, landscape architect Sheila Murray designed the curving shape of the beds, turning the straight lines into graceful waves. She inserted good structural bones such as ever-green rhododendrons. And she generously offered a few principles. "Maybe you might consider putting the tall ones at the back," she once said, while contemplating a domineering aspen of purple catflowers.

Her main lesson, of course, was the importance of soil. It began

COVER

A gardener's learning curve is steep and often slippery

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Laughing at Leslie's lies

A large tangle of deep-fried onions sits on top of Leslie Nielsen's corned beef hash. "Great Scott. Has it been stricken?" he booms, eyeing his meal. "Something fell from the roof." The waitress giggles and the 75-year-old comedian plots to his impromptu audience. "It is doing anything now, do you know it is alive?" says Nielsen, poking at the onions with his knife. The star of *Airplane!* and *The Naked Gun* is promoting his latest work—a Comedy Network send-up of biography shows called *Liesapathy*, which features the stories of such Canadian stars as *The Firefly* Ginn and the redheaded Prince Edward Island girl, Anne Shirley. Nielsen, who is host Terrence Byrne's McKenna in the 13-week series, loved



Canada's howlegged clown spoof: *Biography*

spoofing a TV genre that he says has become successful at the occasional expense of the facts. In his own biography Nielsen says he would want to be represented truthfully—as a "howlegged clown." Nielsen believes this show's humour is a natural fit for Canadians. "The average Canadian is fiercely independent and has a wicked sense of humour," says the Saskatchewan-born, Acme-bred Nielsen, giving his onions another busy eyeball

Browning as elder skatesman

For 11 years, *Kean Browning* has danced the closing number at every performance of the *Chrysler Stern* on ice tour in Canada. There were often Olympic champions in the cast, but no one is more popular than the Caroline, Ala., native. In 2001, though, Browning has happily ceded the closing duties to an old friend. This week in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary, fans will see American Scott Hamilton in



Let me be your cowboy. Browning and Jodie Chouinard

the closing role. The 62-year-old Hamilton, who founded the tour 34 years ago, is retiring. "We are celebrating what he has done with Stern," says Browning. "Besides, he thinks of himself as an adopted son here. Canadians have always embraced him, and he appreciates that."

Hamilton's successor leaves Browning, 34, as the elder skatesman on a tour that boasts world-class talent. Browning

knows that touring is wearying, especially for those who skate the U.S. leg of the tour for three months before coming north. And even world champions occasionally need reminders to stay sharp. "Sometimes the best way to 'loose' it up," he says, "is to simply do my best every time out."

My sick mind and monkeys

Shella Hest writes strange and quirky short stories. As a teenager, she penned one for her high-school newspaper in which a mother cuts out her children's ringtones. "There was a response from a student that said, 'Only somebody with a sick mind could write this,'" recalls Hest. "And that checked me. In high school, it feels like you are doing something noble when somebody says you have a sick mind."

At 24 and now a University of Toronto student, Hest's stories continue to raise eyebrows. Initiators of her first collection, *The Middle Series*, include a suicidal giant, a dumping that has toppled from the table and a man who fills deeply in



Hest's not original

love with a female monkey. Completely original and beautifully crafted, the *table-like series* can be frustrating as Hest deviates from any recognizable form of narrative. But it was her absurd humour that caught the eye of *Dave Eggers*—the editor of the trendy American literary magazine *Tuesday Morning*—who ran two of her pieces in his periodical.

Hest laments that her unconventional storytelling will alienate some readers. "It makes me a bit sad," says the Toronto-born writer. "Not just with my own stuff but with other fiction that is outside of a person's understanding of what fiction is—the romance with which people come to it less you down a bit." But the appreciation of others goes a long way in making up for it.

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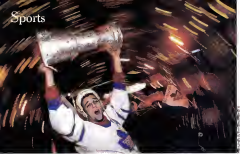
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When down is up

Nothing is certain in the wacky playoffs

By James Desrosiers

When the Toronto Maple Leafs swept the Ottawa Senators from the playoffs last week, delicious Leafs fans spilled into the streets for an hour or so of horking horns, bearing tinsel replicas of the Stanley Cup and singing, "Na na, hey hey, goodbye." Like they'd won something. Thousands flocked to the site of the country, who hardly need excuses to meet at Toronto, and who also know the Cup won't be handed out until June, get a really good laugh out of that. How would class.

Mean to the Centre of the Universe hold the pencil. You have to win four playoff rounds to capture Leaf Stanley's oft-denied silver bowl. Beating Ottawa may only have given the Leafs the dubious honour of facing the New Jersey Devils. While it is true the Leafs played well against Ottawa, they had help. Many of the key Senators—especially Darrin Alford, Shawn McEachern, Wade Redden and Alton Bastien—played like they'd been abducted by aliens and replaced by lecherous liarsmen. That won't happen to the Devils. Having down over the concentrated-salt wasteland around the team's home

rink, almost know better than to mess with anyone from Jersey. So that would put Leaf captain Mike Sweeney squarely in the crosshairs of the real Saint Steven, Jersey's bad-tempered blueliner who specializes in debauching the opposition's best players with crunching body checks. At the other end, Toronto defencemen would face the high-scoring Jason Arnott-Patrick Elias-Petr Sykora line. It could get ugly.

But at least Leaf fans can dream. Ottawa can't, and they deserve an explanation. The Senators had the 30-team league's fourth-best record in the regular season, yet they collapsed when it counted. Some critics blamed the coach, forgetting that Jacques Lemaire is one of the best in the business. Others pointed out that Yashin was well checked, but that doesn't explain why Ottawa's other weapons fired blanks. A few craved the Leafs' signings of free agents Shayne Corson and Gary Roberts last summer, but the notion that Toronto had built a so-called playoff team is wildly overstated. "If you build

The post-Season 1 celebrations gave other Canadians another reason to laugh at Toronto

solely for the playoffs," *Hockey Night in Canada's* Harry Neale scoffed, "you'll end up watching the playoffs. You have to play well all year."

So what turns a good team bad? And conversely, what does underdogs like Edmonton and Vancouver to play so well at this time of year? While matchups, injuries and past records have to be factored in when assessing a team's chances, the Senators and Leafs showed that character and confidence—or the lack of them—are what really define a

playoff team. "I've been with 30 teams that won because they had that strong team psyche," says Neil Smith, who was general manager of the 1994 Cup-winning New York Rangers. "But I've also seen it slip away from good teams, and that's frightening."

For proof, there was dazed Sens coach Martin at the podium after being eliminated. Asked what went wrong, he offered the obvious: "If you score three goals in a series, you are not going to win many games." But when pressed about why his team sagged when it felt behind, Martin was at a loss. "I don't know," he began, then added "Their confidence was frag-

ile. When you look at our hockey club, there's not a lot of experience." Contrasting teams typically add veterans before mounting their Cup campaigns. But Ottawa's budget hasn't any room for highly paid scorers, so the team must wait and hope to sell its youth corps learn how to win soon.

In the other locker room, Leafs coach Pat Quinn expressed a little surprise at his squad's performance. And in his turn with reporters, he said there were times in the regular season when he doubted the Leafs had the "intangibles" needed to win in the grueling playoffs. "Some guys show up, some don't," he said. "Our guys showed up." And then he shrugged, because it was as much a mystery to him as it is to the rest of us. ☐



Season 1's team faces a tougher foe

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Films

Brian D. Johnson

Real stars and surreal images
about *The Claim*

Subversive Stardom

Sarah Polley and Tom Green are at the polar extremes of rebel moviemaking

What's amazing about this line of work is that you write about *The Claim* and *Pretty Girl Fingers* on the same day without actually changing professions. It's like being a pearl diver in the morning and doing cocaine irrigation in the afternoon. *The Claim* and *Pretty Girl Fingers* have absolutely nothing in common. Except that they feature young Canadian actors—Sarah Polley and Tom Green, respectively—who are in opposite ways, subversive.

Polley, a former child star from Toronto, is an actor with a political conscience who turns down glam roles (such as the gothic played by Kate Winslet in *Albino Flower*) because she can't stomach the childish games of Hollywood celebrity. Green, a professional adolescent from Ottawa, is Hollywood's clown prince of gross-out comedy (and husband of former child star Drew Barrymore), who seems bent on proving that he can stomach just about anything.

Reuniting the *Why Generation*, Polley, 22, and Green, 29, offer polar extremes of rebel dissonance. Polley is a gifted actor who is so unimpressed by show business



that she is taking a year off acting. She hopes to study directing at the Canadian Film Centre, and is an ardent activist—last week, before hopping a protest bus to the Quebec summit, she was covering Toronto for gas masks. Green is the poster boy running riot in the name of bad taste, strip-teasing whenever taboo is left undisturbed, while dragging off any notion of social responsibility.

The two actors also represent very different responses by Canadian talent to a country with no star system. Like Mike Myers, Green escaped from a suburban basement and is now happily juggling milk and honey in Hollywood; he co-wrote and directed *Pretty Girl Fingers*, his first starring movie role. Polley came out in the fashion of independent film, turning down success in *The Slender Horse* and taking ecstasy in *Go On* camera, her wistfully in-

nocent glimmers like a precious metal. In almost every movie she's in, there never seems to be enough of her. Green makes it his business to be too much.

The Claim is the most Canadian-looking non-Canadian picture since *Forrest*. Directed by British Michael Winterbottom (Jude, *Welcome to Saragosa*), this snow-swept western is set in 19th-century California, filmed in the mountains of British Columbia, and cast with actors from Canada, Europe and Hollywood. It's not a typical western. There are no bad guys, and no gun battles, just a few dumb shootings.

Inspired by Thomas Hardy's *The Mayor of Glastonbury*, the story unfolds in a pioneer town called Kingdom Come. In living it a man named Dillan, who made a fortune after selling his wife and child for a claim 20 years earlier, during the Gold



Ontario Automotive Marketplace

Car Theft in Canada: What You Can Do

What You Need to Know About Car Theft Today and How to Protect Your Vehicle

Car theft is a highly profitable and low-risk industry that has become a very serious problem in Canada today according to Detective Sergeant Brian Raybould of the TPS (Toronto Police Service) Detective Services Auto Squad. Statistics from the Insurance Bureau of Canada show that the rate of car theft is 64 per cent higher than a decade ago, and it is costing Canadians billions of dollars annually. "In Toronto alone, 12,169 vehicles were stolen in 2000," says Raybould.

"While the rate of recovery of stolen vehicles in the early 1990s was 95 per cent, by 2000 the rate had dropped to 64 per cent. Most of the vehicles that were not recovered, were not here to be recovered," explains Raybould. "The decline in the recovery rate can be attributed to the proliferation of organized vehicle theft over the past five years."

"Auto theft for joy riding has now taken a back seat to auto theft as a part of organized crime, which raked up hundreds of millions of dollars of profits in Toronto last year. Organized criminal groups make a profit by exporting stolen vehicles to foreign countries, or by selling parts for reconstructed vehicles then resold through ads in local media."



Car Theft
in Canada

Business Agent Brian Raybould with one of the removed urban residents that are being installed at Toronto Police Detention Services Auto Seizure Garage.



Raybould (left) and Detective Constable (Det.) Robert examine a stolen vehicle.

Raybould and Robert check the engine of a stolen vehicle.

Buying Peace of Mind

In addition to these precautionary measures, Raybould also supports the use of anti-theft devices because they are an impediment for thieves, and thus provide another level of security for vehicles. He supports the anti-theft device standard developed by the Vehicle Information Centre of Canada (VICC) and recommends that people contact the VICC to find out what devices have met the standard.

Insurance companies offer a lower rate for cars equipped with anti-theft devices approved by the VICC. To find out about the systems that have been tested and certified by the association, Raybould suggests visiting their Web site at www.vicc.com.

"The best prevention against auto theft is making your vehicle more difficult to steal in the first place. This is why immobilizers are a good solution," explains Raybould. "An immobilizer is a passive anti-theft system which cuts off the fuel, ignition and starter of the vehicle if it is tampered with, making hot-wiring impossible."

"Etching is another level of deterrence," adds Raybould. "It is a system which permanently marks each window of the vehicle with a VIN or vehicle specific serial number, which means that every window would have to be replaced to re-sell the vehicle."

Etching also provides a useful system if your car is stolen since your vehicle registration information and VIN are entered into an International Recovery Network.

Vehicle tracking systems are also effective in locating stolen vehicles. A transmitter is installed in your vehicle which enables it to be tracked using existing cellular network infrastructures, satellite or radio directional finding. The recovery of vehicles equipped with these systems is quick, usually under two hours which minimizes the damage done to the vehicle.

Moral Responsibility

Raybould stresses that everyone who drives a car has a moral responsibility to protect it from being stolen. Preventing the theft of your vehicle will in turn lower the incidence of criminals fleeing police in stolen vehicles and causing unnecessary injuries or death. ■

The article was prepared in cooperation with the Toronto Automobile Dealers Association. Photographs were provided by Blue Deer Photo.

Rush of 1869. Played with green conviction by Scottish actor Peter Mullan (*My Name Is Joe*), Dillon is a haunted man who sits on a stack of gold and shares his bed with the local broiled owner (Milla Jovovich), a Portuguese singer. When Dillon's dying wife (Naveen Andrews) shows up out of the blue to beg for child support, she gets more than she bargained for: the prodigal husband warns his family back. Meanwhile, her social daughter (Polly) develops a quiet crush on a railroad man (*American Beauty*'s Wes Bentley)—a handsome surveyor with a wandering eye.

Visually, *The Claim* is breathtaking. Winchester conquers the most evocative vision of frontier-town grunge since Robert Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* (1971), which set the gold standard in wherehouse westerns three decades ago.

When Altman did for rain, Winchester does for snow. So much snow. Snow slanted by wind. Snow coming down as thick as paint off a roller. *The Claim* probably uses a mixer for snowfall in a movie. And filmed on the high-altitude flanks of Frontenac Mountain, B.C., this is the real thing, cold snow, not the studio-produced flake favored by Hollywood. You can feel the chill in the air next to Polly's far complexion.

Winchester also creates images of surreal grandeur. A paternal house that Dillon builds for his wife is hauled through the forest. Like the assembly that Weiner Heron drags through the Beaulieu jungle in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. And out of this panoramic realism comes the spontaneous combustion of dreams gone horribly wrong—the image of a house on fire, fleeing through the snow.

The Claim is an austere epic, one that asks if it's better to burn in hell or freeze in heaven. It's frustrating. The story's complexity tends to get crushed under its moral weight. And we never get close enough to the characters, who are over-the-top—in true Hardy fashion—by landscape, circumstance and fate. Kinski (once a Hardy hero in *Ted*) is a tubercular wastrel Jewess, in the land of role that might have fallen to Kinski 20 years ago, is a

snowbird diva. Todd Polley and Bentley are perfect, but for once you wish they weren't submerged in an ensemble cast. Gladly, even while appreciating *The Claim's* score-line beauty, you find yourself wishing they were leads in a Hollywood romance.

Freddy Got Fingered, in case you haven't heard, is an allusion to molestation. But no one gets molested in this movie, at least not humans. Tim Green does, however, wangle the most member of a staff home—the real thing by the looks of it—while shouting, "Look at me, Diddy, I'm a flower!" He also puts his mouth around a cow's nut, cuts open a dead deer on the highway and swan the blood-soaked carcass, whitewashes Rip (with a shower of fake) elephant opium, drinks onto the assembly line of a sandwich factory.

MOST OF GREEN'S STUNTS, THE CORE OF A SCATTERSHOT SATIRE IN SEARCH OF A TARGET, ARE MORE SHOCKING THAN FUNNY



and waves a giant salmon between his thighs, and cures the paralyzed legs of young women in a wheelchair. Oh yes, he also delivers a baby—bring off the mythical cow with his teeth, then using it to swing the newborn around his head.

Most of these stunts are more shocking than funny. Harassment, of course, is in the gun of the beholder; but with *Freddy*, Green may have gone too far, oversteering the pretension that his visual slapstick is designed to appeal to. In interviews, he has tried to point out that his comedy does not belong to the gross-out genre typified by *Thelma Houston: About a Boy* and *American Pie*. He's right. *Freddy* lacks the refinement, or the castness, of most teen comedies. It's more in the spirit of *Henry Pynchon: Flying Circus*, with a

daller wit. And whenever Hollywood formula does loom into view, it's just a setup for mockery. Green also gets off some deft asides at rock-music mamba jambo and social-work stunts, but on the whole, *Freddy* is a scattershot satire in search of a target.

A slim excuse for a story line is the ritual game. Green plays Gordo, a deranged cartoonist who lives in his parents' basement. While trying to bluff his way into the attention business, he settles up a romance with a pumpley nymphomaniac (*Oliver's Coughlin*)—which also an ardent reader scorns designing a modest-powered wheelchair. But most of the action is between Gordo and his belligerent dad (Jani)—a gonzoque fool that results in the idiot son finally accusing the vice father of molesting Gordo's young

brother, Freddy Drew Barrymore has a minor role as an outraged receptionist.

Credulous can take pride, or not, in the movie's local ones. It was shot in Berkeley, B.C. And although Green crosses the script as fiction, it was inspired by his own son as a struggling actor who was still living in his parents' Ontario basement just five years ago. The film shows flashes of personal life amid the cynicism, notably the opening sequence—of Green riding a witness standboard ride through a wild obstacle course—but it's downhill from there. Green's gonzoish exuberance has more edge in the raucous of television than in movie make-believe. Like a merry dare-bourne, he shows back in trying to kick-jump his act to the big screen, but he may be up against a non-negotiable curb. ■

Love is the Drug

Is it love, or is it something a lot closer to heroin—that sudden, overwhelming euphoria, followed by a heartening crash that leaves you spent, withdrawn and desperate for another hit. In her compelling new book, *Love is the Drug*, Rosemary Sullivan takes a refreshingly literary approach to a subject that has long intrigued psychologists, sociologists and a host of self-help gurus: Why, Sullivan asks, are even the most independent of women so often swept away by doomed passions, risking ambition, families, even sexual sobriety for the sake of a man who fails to match his lover's commitment?

In the view of Sullivan, an English professor, poet and biographer of writers Elizabeth Smart, Gwendolyn MacEwan and Margaret Atwood, the answer lies mainly in the tendency of women, far more than men, to confuse passionate obsession with personal fulfillment. "What anyone is really doing when she falls madly in love," the author says, "is contributing to 'one of life's necessary agonies. It catches us up.' We put everything at risk. In the process we discover the dimensions of our own appetites and desires."

But obsession becomes a black hole for women when it is treated as an end in itself, instead of a transitional experience. That is because obsessions have almost nothing to do with the love object and everything to do with the self. "When obsessions love is over and the projections are tipped away," she writes, "the person standing there is almost always a stranger. For romantic love is projection—projection of all that is most dramatic, indeed lovely and undesirable in the self."

Sullivan succeeds in making all this tangled—and troubling—by recounting famous love stories, real and imaginary, in which women who hang on to doomed obsessions were deeply compromised by them, while those with the courage to walk away attained their desired, lasting love, rewarding careers, intact families. These include Ottawa-born writer Sheri (by Grand Central Station's *I Sat Down and Wept*), who bore four children by the self-absorbed, much-maligned English poet George

Barker and ended them on her own, giving up a promising future as a novelist to write advertising copy. Or the brilliant French drinker Simone de Beauvoir (*The Second Sex*), who allowed herself to be dominated—and rewarded—by Jean-Paul Sartre. British-born sculptor Lesnora Carrington, on the other hand, was able to walk away from her tumultuous affair with surrealist painter Max Ernst, achieving the old role of passive artistic muse for a first-

time standing there is almost always a stranger. For romantic love is projection—projection of all that is most dramatic, indeed lovely and undesirable in the self."

Remembering the rush

RAE JONES, 45, *poems, Fleeteries, Oct.*

It happened the year I lost the best I ever loved, my second husband, [poet] Brian Berman, and missing my third, [filmmaker director] Charles Rogers. I can't remember the first time I met a partner at one of those nights when artists gather at The Cameron House in Toronto. The attraction was immediate and mutual, but he was married. We talked all evening, just stringing together with that kind of contrivedness is sometimes more erotically charged than the actual act of sex. I went home and couldn't stop thinking about him. I started to pass at around 1 a.m., imagining romantic embraces



Johnson turned her ardor out, unfulfilled art

around that I felt I lacked. Men arrive with some finding a muse—I guess I found mine, for the night, anyway.

SUSAN MURDERME, 51, *poet and novelist, Sydney, B.C.*

The most passionate episode in my life has to be when I met and married my husband, Stephen [Read, currently serving 18 years in prison for armed robbery and attempted murder]. In 1984, I was writer in residence at the University of Waterloo, when a criminologist doing a study of bank robbers across Canada brought me the manuscript of his autobiographical novel, *Jacobus Rex*. As soon I read it, I had addictive swooning through me. He described his experience

of robbing banks with such humor and accuracy that I fell in love with his character on the spot.

I wrote to him [at Melbourne Institution] saying I wanted to edit it. I must have written him 30 letters that first week. We wrote each other for two months and fell in love before meeting. The two years, we visited but couldn't have sexual relations. In 1986, we married in prison. There was a guard standing over the altar knife. We were bearded from the start through writing. And then having worked through such terrible things—I see being with him as a gift when I can burn more than just about myself and my needs. Fifteen years later, I'm still as much in love and obsessed

CATHY JAMES, 46, *novel series, Fleeteries*

Women really understand and identify with their partners. Here he is trying to run your life and you're like, "But I understand him!" In the past, I've picked men who are aggressive, who are the male side of me. I fell in love in my early 30s with a man who was like John. John Kennedy and wrote Brooks Brothers. A friend of mine in St. John's saw him and told me, "I saw the man you're going to marry." We went to the museum where he was a visitor. I was really in love with him at first sight. I was just dying with love. We had a relationship somewhat, but he was never in love with me. He had this mischievous about him. We were



Sullivan contends that romantic obsession becomes a black hole when it's treated as an end in itself

together only a few months, but I married him for two or three years. That experience turned me into a Beckett.

I tried to hook up with these men who were abandoned by their mother or parents as a young age. I see the abandonment in their eyes and I think, "I can love you, little fella." And before you know it, you are trying to love this thing that doesn't know how to be loved, and they unleash this mechanism of cruelty. Men you try to rescue have a tendency to turn on you. When I realize all of this time is that I thought I could be completed by a man, but I now know I can be a complete woman and find a complete man.

What women need to learn, Sullivan argues, is to treat romantic obsession as a fantasy that teaches, rather than as a solution to problems as old as women's second-class status. Otherwise, vulnerability to another very soon starts to look like the most free which the word "passion" is derived—suffering. The kind of love that raptures and nourishes, she concludes, can grow out of passion but has nothing to do with the romantic myth of oneness, itself a byword for dependency. Rather, its durability lies in the acceptance, even celebration, of the "fallible, imperfect other."

Patricia Chisholm

Edited by Susan CM

Cry me a river—no, a fountain

Even in disgrace, fallen oil-evangelist Tawney Faye Bakker has the ability to extract funds from her audience. Viewers to *Antipolitics 2001*—Vancover's longest-ever visual art exhibition—have been drawn to local sculptor Ann McLaws's rendering of Bakker as a fountain, fed by a cascade of rain from those infamously racist eyes. Earlier, *There* was inspired by the scepticism that marked the decline and fall of the PTL (Praise the Lord) television ministry of Tawney Faye and her ex-husband, Jim. The artist reports that her man-made fountain—crafted from rubber, silicon, yak hair and "various exotic materials"—is a magnet for loose change. "She's still making money," laughs McLaws, 39, a partner in Third Dimension Studios, which creates figures for museum docuents.



As a sculpture, Tawney Faye Bakker still has the power to empty pockets

real-life Bakker "so artificial, a bit of a clown." Her views are now more sympathetic. "Maybe," McLaws says, "I've been living with her too long."

One who really makes a difference

During the fall of Saigon in 1975, Montserrat Brontón Brontón, then a 30-year-old aid worker, helped organize Operation BabyLife, in which 260 people—mostly orphaned infants—were housed onto a plane destined for America. It crashed and 140 died, but so the one-hour documentary *A Moment in Time: The United Colors of Brontón* (WTFN, April 26) shows, Brontón's heart over that disaster didn't deter her from saving other lives. The day after the crash, she helped send 65 orphans she had rescued from Cambodia to adoptive parents in North America. And in 1979, Brontón founded Healing the Children, which has brought medical care to 78,000 kids. The film also focuses on Brontón's 12 children—seven of them adopted from Asia or Latin America—and her emotional reunion last year with the 65 Cambodian orphans. In her latest project, Brontón is working to get orrible medical scars and restore areas of Guatemala.



RITA KIR

In Cambodia in 1980

Fact and fiction

For a book that was rejected by one publisher because "there would be no market for it outside Newfoundland," laughs author Sharon McKay, her children's novel *Charlie Wilcox* (Stridair) has generated a lot of interest among critics and readers. On April 23, *Charlie*—which is still in the running for three other KidLit prizes—won the Canadian Children's Book Centre Award for historical fiction. McKay's co-writing story of a Great War-era orphan led who mistakenly moves away on a troop transport—he thinks it's a sailing ship—and ends up on the Western Front is based on the life of her great-uncle. Up to a point, that is. The real Charlie, who died in 1948, picked the right ship and went to the war home instead. "But he didn't mind," recalls McKay. "Like a real Newfoundland, he told me not to let the truth get in the way of a good story."



Best-Sellers

Fiction	COPYIES
1. THE CRIME GARDEN, Jane Smiley (D)	1
2. HUSH/HIDE MY SECRETS, L.J. Smith (D)	2
3. DRAGONSLAUGHT, Stephen King (D)	3
4. WIFE LOVE MYSTERIES, Susan M. Johnson (D)	3
5. CAVIL WAGON ROAD, D. E. Stevenson (D)	3
6. THE BOMBING OF BOMBAY, Amy Tan (D)	3
7. STANLEY PARK, Henry Miller (D)	5
8. A PARTIAL HISTORY, John DeLam (D)	4
9. THE COUNTRY OF THE LOST AND FOUND, David Schindler (D)	4
10. MOTHER WALKER, James Lee (D)	10
Nonfiction	
1. THE LAST KNIGHT, David Cator and David Cator (D)	1
2. REMEMBRANCE, Joe Morris (D)	3
3. THE HISTORY OF REMEMBRANCE, Christine North (D)	1
4. JANE SMILEY, Jane Smiley (D)	2
5. THE NEW YORK TIMES, Lisa Schwarz (D)	2
6. HUSH/HIDE MY SECRETS, L.J. Smith (D)	2
7. THE CRIME GARDEN, Jane Smiley (D)	2
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Allan Fotheringham

The carpenters cash in

The best restaurant in Canada—certainly better than any of the very many good restaurants in Toronto—is Toronto, down a noisy cobblestone street beneath the Chinatown Promenade in Quebec City, home of the finest restaurant in the country. On Tuesday night, three nights before the opening of the Summit of the Americas, there were only two tables, composed of four people, in the joint.

That was the fate of all the best restaurants in the most lovely old city on this continent. The problem was that the people making all the money, as opposed to the chefs, were the carpenters—driven crazy with all the overtime boarding up the storefronts' cause of all the business the summit was going to bring.

What happened to Quebec City is that somebody guessed New York could easily swallow 9,000 participants, 6,000 cops, more than 2,000 journalists and who knows how many wild-and-crazy and (mostly) sane protesters. The town's tiny big Toronto could probably handle it. But Quebec City, with about half a million residents, was simply too small, too quiet, too essentially civilized to put up with more bureaucracy than could be invented, since there's that could not be imagined and more photographers per square foot than there may have been demonstrators.

An owner of a neat bistro called *Provence*, James Morris, allows that he's never experienced the civil fire before—he being from Bologna and at least acquainted years back with the violence that flares in his native country. The *Provence* delegation had reserved his restaurant for 40 people. Arriving in town, they suddenly cancelled, fearing the violence. So he loses the expected lucrative trade from the summit, and his regulars are just scared to go out.

It's what happened to Toronto, and the other poor dining spots in the Old City perched outside the now-utopian fence designed to keep the mobs away from the coffs. Their customers feared crossing into the narrow streets and steep cliffs of the city cliffs, and fled out of town for the weekend. Somebody guessed.

And what, by the way, is going on with all these delegations from *Provence*—which is about twice as big as Mexico? Just you can imagine the number of suits from Mexico, which has close to nine Canada's population. Brrr! The Dubai Bush delegation took over the entire 404-room Leona Le

Concorde. Any chance of a trade resolution here? No chance.

It's why the carpenters were making more than the chefs all week. On the wonderful little Rue Saint-Jean, blocked off by Le Barrier from the 9,000 suits in their restaurants, the Room Impromptu became encased in plywood. Within hours, appointment graffiti artists were adorning the easement. McDonald's, the *Provence* target of the Burke of Seattle anarchists, boarded up and put forward wallpaper over all. Gap surrendered to the newly wealthy plywood merchants.

And who is paying for all the threats, the fear that Seattle and Prague would be replicated in a city that is clean and beautiful

and wants only tourists with lots of plastic? Yes, gracious Canadian taxpayer. Ottawa and the Quebec government ponied up \$300,000 each in an attempt to keep this caper peaceful. That went to the People's Summit, which was housed down on the waterfront with an efficient press-room and brochures mapping out a week's program and debates and speeches by those who don't drink Gap and Nike with sweatshops are the answer to the world's needs. There was a huge 10-peaked tent—rather, assembling Vancouver's mill-maked roof of Canada Place—complete with giant video screens and translation booths and bars.

The mayor, Jean-Paul L'Allier, knows he made a mistake, seeking to be the host of this post-Seattle mishmash of overbooked businesses looking for a holiday, and of educated, Internet-connected dissidents who know they can get power through television coverage. Even Jean Charest may admit—not likely—that he made a mistake when he dismissed the kids as coming here for fun "and blah, blah, blah."

Clayton Ruby, the Toronto civil-rights lawyer, got that one right when he said "It's really a weekend of fun in Quebec City, we can do without the fence." The World Trade Organization, after Seattle, knew it made a mistake and has booked its next meeting in Qatar on the Persian Gulf—knowing most demonstrations can't swim.

Quebec City was a disaster choice for a meeting of minds that don't agree—and will scare off any other cities that are not major-league centers. And perhaps the governmental businesses could keep their numbers somewhat below 9,000. Before the number of those who disagree with them reach the approximate same figure.



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